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Your
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Those who are
hard to please
will always say

**MAKE
MINE
MYERS**

THE DARK & MELLOW RUM

AGED BY TIME ALONE

BOTTLED IN JAMAICA

'MYERS'—THE BEST OF MIXERS
goes wonderfully well with
GINGER ALE • TONIC • BLACK CURRANT
BITTER LEMON • BITTER ORANGE ('MYERS RUMBO')
ALL FRUIT SQUASHES
and for hot toddies 'Myers' is in a class by itself
Always keep a bottle of 'Myers' in your home

PUNCH

Vol. CCXXXVII No. 6221

December 16 1959



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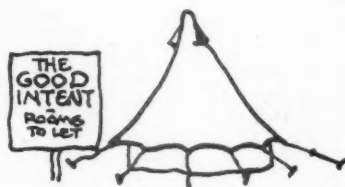
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The London Charivari

LET us now welcome the suggestion that commercial B.B.C. radio be permitted to make our English air loud with the drone of deodorant pluggers. Grown-up Englishmen must no longer be deprived of the benefit of hearing, at any hour of day or night, would-be actors gaining valuable experience by cooing about drugs and drinks and frozen carrots. The time has come when manufacturers should be given absolute control over our lives once and for all. Why may we not dial FIB for the latest detergent exaggeration? Could not M.P.s have the names of rival toilet soaps embroidered on their waistcoats, and toss free samples into the Strangers' Gallery? Must the dome of Saint Paul's itself remain forever blank? Forward, salesmen of Britain!

Liaison Officer Wanted

ACCOMMODATION for troops abroad was described last week in the House of Lords and elsewhere as "squalid," "sordid," "unhygienic" and "overcrowded," with "shocking" living conditions and "fantastic" rents. This



gravely shook public faith in Whitehall publicists, whose recruiting advertisements for the Army came out at the same time with pictures of happy young

soldiers and the invitation to "Meet the man who's getting what he wants from life."

Revival

HISTORY plays strange tricks. Who would have thought, until last week, that we should ever again have had to look at that picture of Major Salah Salem jumping in his underwear?

Washed Up

NEWS that Hurst Park race course is to become a housing estate



must have caused a pang to many an old punter. On the other hand he may find some consolation in the thought of all those shirts fluttering safely on the line in the back gardens.

Per Ardian Ad Astra

NOUGHT out of ten for the new officers' ranks in the South African forces. Captains in the Boer War may have been called field cornets, but a field cornet to-day is simply not a South African captain; if anything he is a subaltern in the Blues. As for an air cornet, this is simply something rather vulgar from the works band. The South Africans might look back to the formation of the R.A.F., when the ranks contemplated included reeve, banneret, fourth aridian, third aridian,



"Look what Norman Collins has done for independent TV..."



... You could do the same for commercial radio."

second ardian, first ardian and—hooray!—air marshal at the top. Ardian was alleged to be a Gaelic coinage meaning "chief bird." On this analogy I suggest that a South African group-captain might be retitled a "baasvogel," which really sounds like what it is meant to be, and a remarkably Afrikaans one at that.

Sticky Wicket

ALSO nought out of ten for Mr. Chataway's suggestion that we should play no more cricket against the South Africans until they put some coloured players into their side. For years sportsmen have been telling us that the best way to resolve our difficulties with Russia would be to play cricket with them. Now we're supposed to believe that the best way to resolve our difficulties with South Africa would be *not* to play cricket with them. We can't have it both ways.

Send for Bailey

WITH this headline (while we're on the subject of cricket) *Punch* is obviously way out in front of the rest of Fleet Street. It is only a matter of weeks before the cry goes out in earnest. According to cricket correspondents the M.C.C. team that sailed for the West Indies last Wednesday will have a lot of leather-hunting and may find the bowling of Hall and

Ramadhan more than they can cope with. So replacements for the eleven and substitutes for the diplomats are certain to be demanded in the dark days of January and February. "Barnacle" Bailey's chances, may, however, be ruined by Peter May's decision to make entertainment the side's first duty.

Not Quite Fair

I DON'T suppose the still-fabulous Marlene Dietrich cares about impressing music or ballet critics, but she surely feels entitled to the attention of theatre reviewers. I wonder, then, what she made of the *Sunday Times's* decision to have her latest Paris performance covered by its architectural correspondent—an expert on foundations, structure, cladding and the preservation of historic façades.

Tellervision

MANCHESTER bank customers who are thrilled at being able to check their accounts on closed-circuit television should remember that the tendency of all ingenious innovations is to provide an opening for publicity. At first there will probably be nothing worse than breaks when the whole screen is filled with the name of the bank. Then there will be an occasional courteous reminder that the bank would make your will for you. Before long, just as you are trying to identify a payment, the pass-sheet will disappear and be replaced by a warning about

The fifth in the series of drawings in colour by Hewison, "As They Might have Been," appears on page 611. The subject is
RICHARD DIMBLEBY

letting pets get near fireworks. In time, no doubt, the screen will urge you to spend more money and suggest what you should spend it on. The bank will explain that this advertising revenue makes it possible for them to be a bit softer about overdrafts.

Le Sex Appeal

IT is sad that the Office du Vocabulaire Français should be so hard put to find a French phrase for sex appeal. The best it can offer is *le viens-par-ici*. This, certainly, is better than *attrait*, which figures in several dictionaries. The German for sex appeal is pretty ghastly—*erotische Anziehungskraft*, but there is the alternative of *Der Sexappeal*. Italy offers *attrazione del sesso* and Spain *atraccion sexual*. I think I prefer Turkey's *cinsi cazibe*, which is neat without being too *erotische*.

Not Matt

POSSIBLY only *The Times* flattered readers' intelligence by announcing the visit of the American Under-Secretary of State for Economic Affairs under the deadpan headline "MR. DILLON ARRIVES IN LONDON." In any other paper it would have had London Airport overrun by people wishing to greet the Marshal of Dodge City.

Anything for the Worker?

A FIRM of diary-manufacturers specializing in something for everyone has this year produced a "Gentleman's Diary." It seemed a pretty bold, reactionary move, but I had a look at one and found a page listing Company Meetings. I wanted to have a look at a "Businessman's Diary" in the next tray to see if there was anything about hunting, shooting and fishing, but the assistant was beginning to hover challengingly.

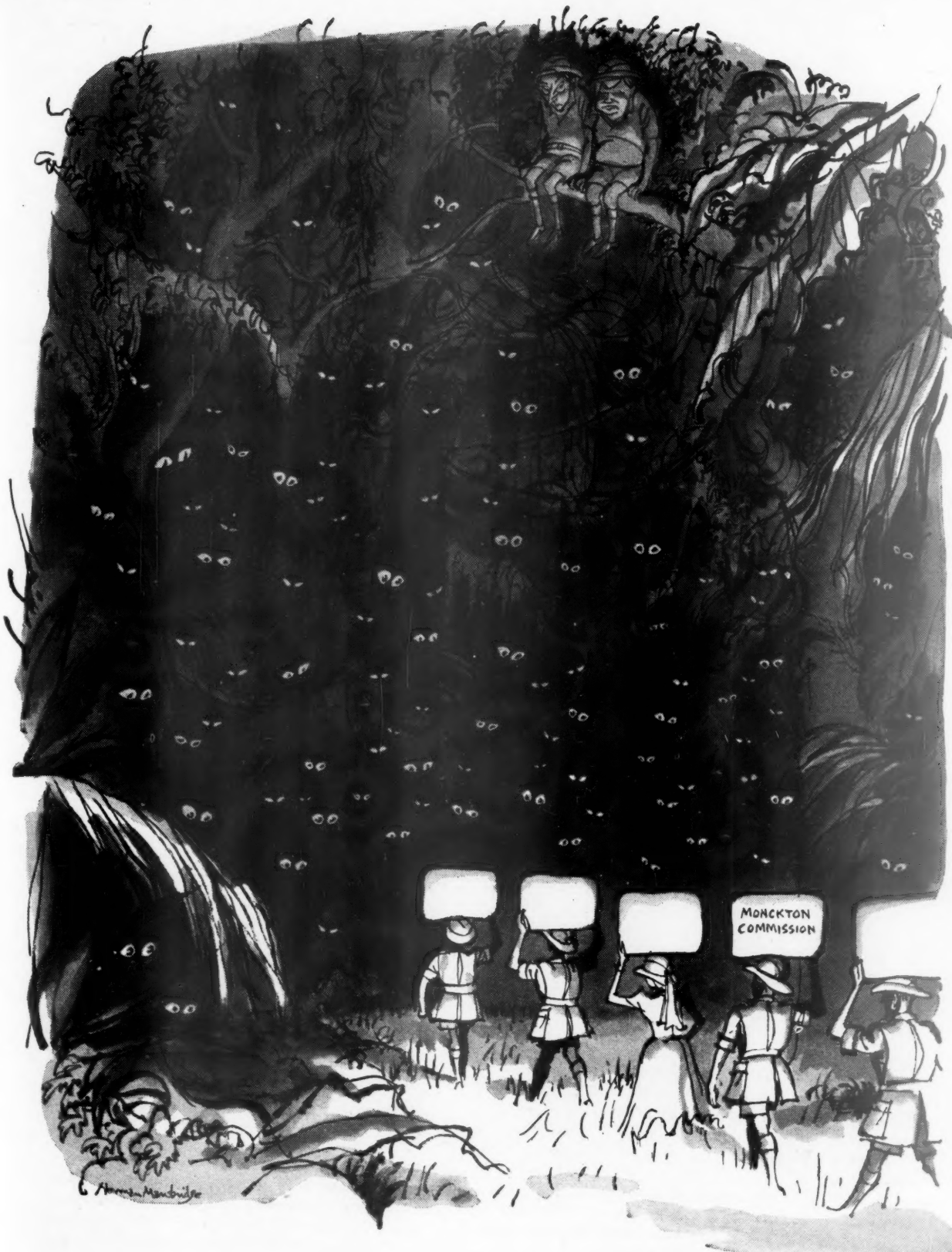
Aunt Edwina?

"FOUR men, including a police constable and two women, were charged last night at Walthamstow police station..."—*The Times*

—MR. PUNCH



"Toffee-nose has gone to top of form again with 37 fillings."



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PUNCH



Book by J. B. Boothroyd

PUNCH'S BRITISH MUSICALS

BUGSBY JUNCTION

The Down platform at Bugsby Junction, a remote outpost of British Railways with few trains and no problems. At rise, a scene of great activity, trolleys being pushed, luggage stacked, crated breakables being dropped. A porter promenades a labelled goat.

ALL: Biddly-diddly-da! Biddly-da-di-da!
It's the rhythm of the dear old wheels;
Biddly-diddly-dum! Biddly-da-di-dum!
You'll never know how good it feels.
BOYS: You holler "Right Away!" and land a kick on the door
And you're a sort of an uncrowned king,
GIRLS: You're sweeping up the fag-ends from the carriage floor
And it's a kind of a romantic thing
ALL: (And then it's)
Biddly-diddly-da! Biddly-da-di-da!
For Crewe, Carlisle or Kingdom Come,
And it's "Whoops she goes again!" inside the dining-car,
With a Biddly-Diddly-Biddly-Dum-di-Dum
(Mi-ind your backs please!)

A Biddly-Diddly-Biddly-Dum-di-Dum!
MR. SLEEPER, the Stationmaster, enters. All cheer.

SLEEPER: Good morning, boys and girls.

ALL: Good morning, Stationmaster.

SLEEPER: A very good train drill. I congratulate you all.
If we ever got a train I'm sure you'd all know just what to do. Now pack everything away. Next train drill Monday week.

All disperse, laughing and talking, except SALLY, a pretty train-cleaner, and BILLY, a handsome lost-property clerk, who are embracing on a pile of old mail bags, and WACKY, the station idiot, who is leading the goat.

WACKY: You said if we ever got a train. I don't want us ever to get a train. Frighten my pigeons, it would. (He blubbers.)

SLEEPER: Now, Wacky, don't cry. Remember you're a railwayman, eh? Besides, I didn't mean it. You know as well as I do that we haven't had a train stop here since that time-table misprint in 1948! (Sings)

"We're a happy little station known as X.Y.Z.

Because we're missing from the A.B.C."

Etc., etc. A longish number, rather grinding, with a soft-shoe dance to finish.

WACKY weeps more freely, pulls out a handkerchief; a piece of chalk falls to the ground.

SLEEPER (pouncing on it): Wacky, you've been chalking again!

WACKY: I can't help it, sir.

SLEEPER: Very well, your chalk is confiscated. (Pockets it) I warned you last time.

SALLY and BILLY break their clinch.

SALLY (calling): Oh, Stationmaster! Yoo-hoo!

BILLY (calling): Could you oblige us with a moment of your railway time, sir?

WACKY: I've got a message for you, sir.

SLEEPER (indulgently): Now, now, it's no good trying to win me round.

WACKY: Honestly, Stationmaster. A pigeon message. Come this morning. (Fumbles in pocket) Oh, well . . .

MR. SLEEPER brushes him aside, crosses to SALLY and BILLY. Their six lips move animatedly during WACKY's song, which may be sung to the goat if it has no objection.

(Sings)

I been chalking them words on the wagons,

Chalking on wagons is fun;

I don't just chalk "Euston" or "Water" or "Padd"

But words that is naughty and words that is bad;

What's the harm if I chalk on the wagons?—

I can't see it matters, can you?

The way people talk

And make off with my chalk,

You'd get the impression I drew

(Boo-hoo!)

You'd get the impression I drew.

GOAT: B-er-er-her-pp!

WACKY: Shut up, you old stink-pot.

WACKY makes off, disgruntled, dragging goat. MR. SLEEPER comes down C., arm-in-arm with SALLY and BILLY.

BRIGITTE, from the level-crossing, crosses R. to L. below them.

BRIGITTE (seductive in her railway trousers): I've tested the

SALLY: Then you *will* be my escort to the Railway Ball, and coffee at my lodgings later?

H-W.: On what condition, child? (*He takes her chin and regards her closely.*) Why have your eyes filled with tears?

SALLY: Because you are hurting my chin. Yes, there is a condition. Bugsby Junction shall not be modernized!

H-W.: But the plans are all prepared, and in my briefcase.

SALLY takes briefcase and puts it behind pile of "Times" Special Supplements.

SALLY: Then you will go to the ball alone!

Enter BRIGITTE, sinuously, R.

BRIGITTE: Oh, no he won't. Rodney and I had made a date already—hadn't we, darling?

SALLY: Why, you—you—!

H-W.: Luckily Miss Brigitte is very progressive, and favours my plan. When Bugsby Junction is wired for sound she hopes to be the station announcer.

BRIGITTE: Rodney has influence at Waterloo, with the Director of the Spoken Word.

SALLY: Dirty traitress!

BRIGITTE: Who cares?

Leaps into HALL-WHITE's arms and kisses him.

SALLY (to H-W.). As for you, Mr. Lothario, perhaps the junction won't be wired yet awhile. Look at your precious plans now!

He examines contents of briefcase.

H-W.: They seem to be intact, thank you.

SALLY (to goat): You fool, you were supposed to eat them. Everyone expected it. Oh, everything's gone wrong to-day! (*Rushes towards L., snivelling, straight into the arms of MR. SLEEPER.*) I can't vamp him. That Brigitte vamped him first. She's egging him on to modernize us. Now can

I tell Billy I was only your undercover woman? I'm so unhappy.

MR. SLEEPER *embraces her in a palpably fatherly way. Only a fool like BILLY, who enters, L., could suspect anything different.*

BILLY: So it's you, Stationmaster. I might have guessed.

SLEEPER (*interested*): How?

BILLY *attacks SLEEPER, who blows whistle shrilly. ALL rush on. There is a mêlée, during which SALLY cries "I can explain everything," and does so.*

BILLY (*later, after some singing*): And the rest I know. Won't you try this for size after all? (*He gets out the wedding ring.*)

SALLY: Why, there's something written inside it. It says, "Mrs. Hall-White on the occasion of her marriage, from her affectionate husband, Rodney."

ALL register surprise, nay, incredulity. MR. HALL-WHITE starts to run.

BILLY: After him!

A prolonged chase, with choreography, until HALL-WHITE is cornered.

SALLY: So you are married already?

H-W.: Promise not to tell.

SALLY: If you promise not to modernize.

H-W.: You win. I'll forget I've ever been here. If I can.

Slinks off L., pelted with bits of fish-box, signal-wire, etc.

SLEEPER: Bravo Sally. Do you all realize we haven't had a song for over two minutes?

BILLY: We can sing all we want now we're not to be modernized.

BRIGITTE (*running on with Wacky*): Listen, everyone. Wacky has consented to be my husband.

ALL (*generously*): Hooray. (*ALL sing*)

What was good enough for Gladstone and Disraeli

Is good enough for us to-day.

If we only get a train once daily,

We can go on in the same old way.

Don't want electricity, don't want Diesel oil,

Keep the *status quo* is what we say—

What was good enough for Gladstone and Disraeli

Is good enough for us to-day

(*At Bugsby Junction!*)

Is good enough for us to-day.

ALL dance except WACKY, who is chalking something on the goat.

THE END

Next Week:

"Serjeant Musgrave's Salad," by B. A. Young

☆

"Even when you are at your busiest, you never use up as much strength and energy as a young child. You see, you have two advantages over a child. You don't waste so much energy . . ."

Consultant home economist in the Daily Express

We take it you haven't any young children.



"My wings are killing me."



"We'll get right to the point, senator—we're after foreign aid."

My Friend the Rugby Referee

By PATRICK RYAN

I HAVE a friend who is a Rugby referee.

Have, you a friend who is a Rugby referee? No?

Then it is even money you will grow fatter and live longer than I.

My friend and I lunch together twice a week and I get very little to eat on those days. Before I've started my soup he has the condiments, glasses, ash-tray, two bread-rolls and all my cutlery lined up across the table to illustrate the magnificent decision by which he defeated the Forces of Evil in his last match.

"... and the line-outs! You'd have thought all sixteen of them were doing

the conga. And while I'm sorting them out there's this shifty-eyed wing-three creeping up off-side. But I got him in the end. Like this it was . . . No, leave your knife and fork a bit, old man. The line-out here . . . scrum-half, fly, two centres . . ."

And I rarely get my irons back in time to eat all my lunch. When he's had Welshmen to contend with I never get them back at all. I eat what I can with a coffee-spoon, an implement ill-designed for carving chops or shifting rhubarb tart. On these occasions he eats little more than a sparrow himself; the monstrous catalogue of Cambrian cunning leaves little time for chewing,

and his appetite fades at the memory of such calculated violation of his sacred Laws.

He is very hot on the Spirit of Rugby and therefore unusually distressed by the realistic approach of the Welshmen. My friend believes, and will hit you to prove it, that if Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin had all played Rugby there would never have been a World War II. He also feels, with the wistful frustration of a good man, that we would be relieved of our present troubles if Mr. Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung had played for one of our less dissolute Old Boys Clubs.

What a pair of props they would have

made! What misery Mr. K. could have brought to an opposing front-row, rucking that bullet-head up into their faces.

When he has had just two English teams to cope with, I may get my tools back before the sweet, but I never get hold of the condiments. There'll come four o'clock some December afternoon and I'll be keeling over from salt-starvation or pepper-lack or whatever form of beri-beri follows extended mustard-deprivation.

But it is unlikely that I will live long enough for malnutrition to bring me down. Every time the Elders up at Twickenham amend a Law, they gamble with my life.

Anxious to fill each unforgiving minute with the Word, my friend the Rugby referee demonstrates, as we walk back to work, those knotty points of ruling beyond the capacity of condiments and cutlery. He finds the pavement edge an ideal touchline, myself an obtuse assistant, and my bowler-hat a serviceable ball.

That amendment to Law 14 all but did for me. Demonstrating in Queen Victoria Street just what he was prepared to allow as readjustment or to penalize as knock-on, he threw me a pass of such vehemence that it took me near as a toucher under a No. 76 bus.

Oblivious to the crowds surging down Ludgate Hill—in his philosophy, *everybody* is interested in Rugby—he frequently stands me up beside him on the kerb, our arms poised aloft like cowboys in surrender. Then he leaps wildly in the air, clutching my frightened hat,

descending upon me like both Marques and Currie, and repeating the performance until I am purged of all popular misconceptions about obstruction in line-outs.

I do not enjoy these lessons because he is six feet three and knocking seventeen stone, while I am universally considered to be small with it.

I try to avoid all mention of scrums in the open street. Law 15 is a paradise for him just now, with its moderate speeds and continuous bindings, and at the drop of the word he will have me bound down shoulder-to-shoulder on the pavement of Cheapside, the better to exemplify the lunatic villainy of a recent front-row.

Swinging hooks haunt his dreams and he has to find a lamp-post for left-prop before he can safely illustrate their criminal agility. The week after his first encounter with the licit contortions of Eric Evans he tore my waistcoat in the anguish of his imitation, and my wife said I had been wrestling with women again.

Demonstrating his belief that modern scrum-halves can put the ball in legally without the aid of a slide-rule, he had me bound intimately head-to-head with him in a quiet corner of Paternoster Row when a policeman came up and watched us dubiously. My friend eventually broke up the scrum and explained the purpose of our embrace. The policeman was unfortunately a lifelong Soccer fan.

Not often will his sense of duty allow my friend the Rugby referee to be an idle spectator. I am glad that it does

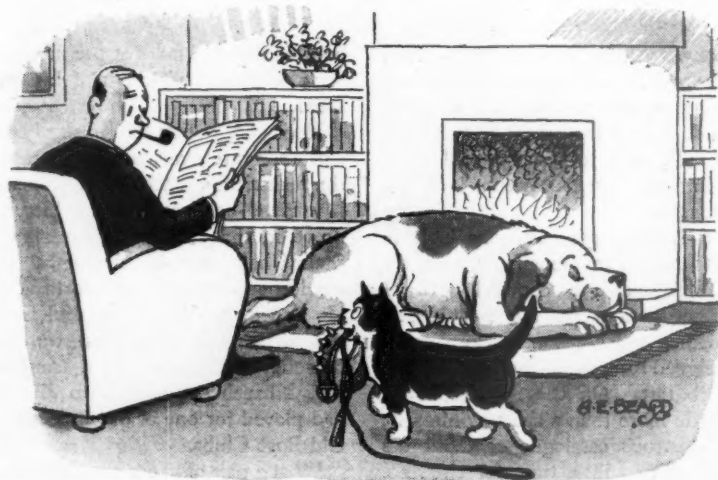
occasionally because it was by watching games with him that I discovered the ultimate truth about his clan.

Rugby, to him, is not a game played between two teams of fifteen players for their own exercise and enjoyment. It is a gathering of thirty men who volunteer to run about in an enclosed space and provide transgressions of the Laws for the entertainment of referees. Not really a sport, something more ritualistic and profound, a type of animated open-air chess, a miniature version of the Dynasts in which a representative of the Immanent Will, a paternal Controller from the Overworld brings authority, order and the rule of Law to the wild, brute chaos below.

It is therefore understandable that he goes to a game to watch not the players but the referee. Their incidental manoeuvres may be diverting but it is the decisions we have come to see.

Someone knocks the ball forward and Peter Jackson collects it in his own twenty-five, runs backwards over the line, cuts across behind the posts, doubles back the way he came, heads straight into the ruck from which he started, flits this way, that way, and comes out the other side like a ghost, beats one man in the open, then another, falls over, gets up and bounds away like a jack-rabbit, stops thoughtfully after twenty yards as something interesting comes into his mind and watches two hasty opponents skid past him into touch, hares away inside, right up to the full-back, kicks politely over his head, gathers the ball again in full cry and streaks like a rocket for the line with half the world streaming back to cut him off... head back and fancy-stepping, he beats one tackle, then another, the third grapples him... he takes off like a bird, diving the last few yards, grounds the ball just as two men hit him together... scythes down the corner-flag and tumbles to rest, unconscious but triumphant, as fifty thousand people go up in pandemonium and shake the stands with the thunder of their applause.

"Did you see that?" says my friend the Rugby referee. "Did you see how he played the advantage rule there? Very intelligent refereeing, that was. The sort of thing I like to see. Right in the true Spirit of the Game. We must try and see this referee again sometime..."





"This would appear to be a matter for the Cultural Exchange authorities."

New York Times By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

Thoughts on Revisiting a Downtown Hotel after thirteen years

THE bellboy led the way into a twelfth-floor room. I advanced three yards and was driven back by the heat. An inferno. I took a deep breath and charged to the window. It wouldn't budge. A notice read "In the interest of residents this window has been sealed." What interest? Which residents?

Meanwhile the bellboy had switched on all the lights, bedside, bathroom, desk, cupboard, either to earn an extra quarter or to step up the therms. I tipped him, and wordlessly and morosely he departed. I explored. The air-conditioning unit was switched off. I switched it to "Cold" and a deep roar, like the braying of a rock-drill, filled the room. Air or something next of kin blew into the room. It was warm and smelled strongly of new paint and oily rag. But warm was better than hot.

Obviously this hotel was getting its oxygen at cut rates from the subway.

Ignoring the giant twenty-seven-inch TV set I turned on the radio. Commercials, a rock 'n' roll number, and then a weather report. The voice explained that New York was experiencing "Temperature fifty-two, humidity ninety-four."

British people are supposed to chat aimlessly and endlessly about the weather, but New Yorkers have weather reports coming out of their ears. All day the radio stations advise people about the great outdoors and its meteorology, and, by golly, they need advice. Looking through sealed windows across a courtyard twelve floors up it is difficult to see anything other than concrete and more sealed windows, impossible to form any estimate of the temperature and humidity. And if you hit the

street in the wrong coat or pullover it takes a long time to get back to your wardrobe.

The next day I bought an American shirt, one with breast pockets, and worked in my room as New Yorkers work in their offices. I arranged my pens and pencils in the cute pockets and sat down at the desk in a state of undress. After ten minutes of sweated labour I realized why Americans are so keen on ball-points that write under water.

President Eisenhower, before he set forth on his grand tour, said that "the United States has been unjustly described as a country pursuing only materialistic goals..." His lament is completely justified. It seems to me that Americans (no, New Yorkers) have been much maligned in this matter: theirs is a society based not on the pursuit of

material wealth but on a contempt for it. I mean this. At breakfast in the coffee-shop I was trying to get at the contents of an individual packet of corn-flakes, peeling away the cardboard in a typically British and tentative fashion. A waitress watched for a moment and could stomach this example of European decadence no longer. Snatching at my bread-knife she plunged it violently into the heart of the box, poured the flakes on my plate and hurried away. Two seconds flat.

I ordered lunch in my bedroom. "Room service, please." "Food or beverage?" "Both, please." In a moment I was dictating my order, and in five minutes a loaded trolley sidled into my room. I checked its contents. There was no mustard. The waiter's face registered schizophrenic confusion. One part of him was wondering how to put matters right. It would have been easier, economically and administratively, to throw the whole lot through the window (but it was sealed, remember, in the interest of residents) and start all over again with a clean trolley. And the other half of him was trying to decide what were his chances of avoiding the chair if he solved this footling and ridiculous problem by doing away with the complainant.

It is not materials the New Yorker worships, but *time*. Ask in any restaurant for a chop or steak and they bring you half a pig or a steer. They know very well that you can't eat it all, but they don't want any nonsense about second helpings and more fetching and carrying. Materials, even foodstuffs, have to be mastered, put firmly in their place: otherwise they *could* interfere with *time*. Even in a humble automat (humble only by New York standards: its décor and fittings were superb) I failed to find a full table that was not littered with half-consumed meals—club sandwiches that had been merely nibbled, quadrants of pie with the circumference and most of the radius intact, steaks still King-size by our standards in spite of the depredations of some hungry janitor or transport worker.



President Eisenhower is absolutely right.

I like New Yorkers, but I couldn't live in their city or with their chronometric zeal. And though I have no great love for London I have to admit that it handles the elements of air, fire, earth and water much more intelligently. London's air is usually damp and chill, but indoors away from the diesel fumes, the stuff does taste vaguely of . . . well, *atmos*. The air indoors in New York is like black damp, dry black damp. As for the water it is quite undrinkable until the chemical additives have been

frozen into neutrality. So New Yorkers drink only ice water and then compensate for internal cooling by turning up the fires of their air-conditioning plants. The good earth I saw little of. Manhattan Island is built on granite and to judge from the clouds of steam that issue from every fissure or manhole cover it is still more or less volcanic.

All this you, the British reader, already know. I mention it again because we are importing the New York way of life as rapidly as London can absorb it. And you may as well be reminded of what you are in for.

Bladder and Sickle

"Our clowns do not give enough attention to fighting bourgeois ideology. The politically untrained clown cannot be a good clown."—Prof. Yuri Demetiev of the Soviet Academy of Sciences

IN their report on the Passing-Out Examination of the Moscow Faculty of Clowning, the Examiners say:

GENERALLY: Many of the candidates show a grave lack of comradely self-criticism and a clinging to outworn modes of thought. This may be illustrated by the use of red-hot pokers, which are technologically relics of the remote past and play no part in Soviet calorifics to-day. Marks in the Economic History paper are still too low. There has been an improvement in the standards attained in the Special Subjects, particularly VI: Lenin's Thought—1907–11. Practical work is still frequently uncultured.

STUDENT-CLOWN V. RADOWSKI: His mimic alarm at the loss of a string of sausages may lead thoughtless comradespectators to forget that the loss will speedily be made good from Soviet food-abundance.

STUDENT-CLOWN N. I. ZELIN: He is incorrectly garbed. Baggy trousers and tight-sleeved jackets reflect adversely on the superb achievements of Soviet tailoring. Such wear is reactionary, petty-bourgeois and a vain attempt to put the clock back. However, he is commended for the scene with the collapsing chair marked "Made in U.S.A."

STUDENT-CLOWN H. MALOV: This comrade presents manual methods of

white-washing in a humorous and sentimental light instead of showing how they strike a blow at Soviet mechanization and should be extirpated.

STUDENT-CLOWN T. KOLKZHOI: By imitating in ungainly style the superb achievements of People's Trampolinist Sonya Zerov and People's Funambulist G. Nuvevski he spatters the unbeatable brilliance of these artists with ordures. Spelling weak.

STUDENT-CLOWN K. NERINSKI: His incertitude of gait and frequent falls from an erect posture seem the behaviour of a wild beast rather than that of a product of Soviet Higher Education. In a People's Democracy all should have the noble bearing that in feudal times was restricted to the exploiters.

STUDENT-CLOWN P. LEDOWSKI: His cries of pain when his left foot was being amputated were unheroic. A martial chant would have been a more correct response.

STUDENT-CLOWN T. RURINEV: This student deserves the highest commendation. His long and unflagging recital of the follies of the lickspittles of Wall St. would have brought home to the thickest numbskull that the hand of friendship is not genuinely tendered by the crypto-millionaire Eisenhower. When, in response to the plaudits of the Examining Commission, he delighted all with an encore, he portrayed with unbelievable vividness the glee of an old party who is taken for a visit to Moscow by her Co-operative Culture Group and is astounded by the splendour of the stores.

—R. G. G. PRICE

New Brickbats and Bouquets

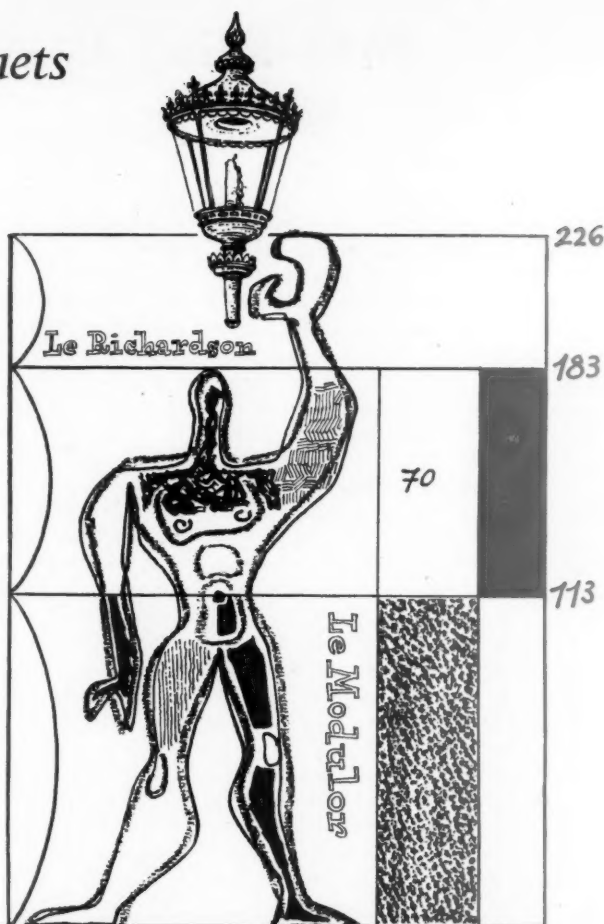
AN Atomic Power Station need not
be entirely unlovesome, God wot,
if it soars like a lark
from a National Park
with a chimney by GILES GILBERT SCOTT.

Laughed a crafty old PPRA :
"Whatever its critics may say,
the soot which begrimes
my 'Hi-Financial Times'
is improving its look every day!"

"This Library," claimed VINCENT HARRIS,
"might look dull in the Faubourgs of
Paris,
but in sober South Ken.
it knows how to say 'Wren'
in a manner that cannot embarrass."

PHILIP JOHNSON, the Kid from New
Canaan,
said: "Each wall in my house has a
pane in.
From the loft to the loo
there's a fabulous view
which the neighbours find most enter-
tainin'."

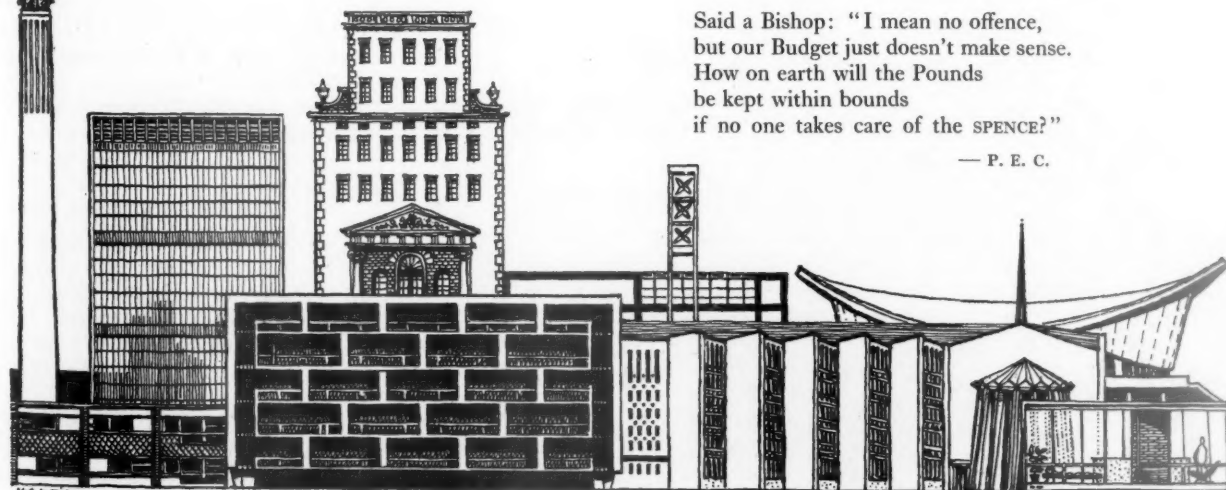
Drawled CASSON at NORMAN AND
DAWBARN:
"That Institute's *rather* a raw barn.
It might be a Cow House
inspired by the Bauhaus . . .
Oh, *sorry!* I see now it's *your* barn."



Gracious Living-Machines for the Few,
dashed off by MAX FRY and JANE DREW,
have been known to make CORB
expostulate: "Gorb—
limey! Stick to your place in the queue."

Said a Bishop: "I mean no offence,
but our Budget just doesn't make sense.
How on earth will the Pounds
be kept within bounds
if no one takes care of the SPENCE?"

— P. E. C.



Misleading Cases

By A. P. H.

Regina v. Feathers, Furblow, and Philanthropic Pools Ltd.

MR. JUSTICE PHEASANT began his summing-up to the jury in this lengthy trial to-day as follows: "Members of the Jury—Now and then, from the waste of dreary disputes and offences which occupy Her Majesty's Assizes, there emerges a criminal cause of electric attraction and importance. Such is the case before us now, not only for the novel points of law which it uncovers but for its social background. Here for once, it appears, the greater part of the population are interested in the matter of the trial and will rejoice at, or resent, our decision.

"On the material Monday, as you have heard, the accused man Feathers, a plumber, was informed by the accused company Philanthropic Pools that he, and he alone, had won, with 23 points, a 'first dividend' in the football results competition of the preceding Saturday—a sum of £261,214. The man Furblow, a news vendor, was also told by a kindly emissary that he had won the second dividend, £101,403. These rewards, it appears, were exceptional: the drawn matches had been few and for the most part unexpected. A Mr. Albert Haddock, who had 22 points, was awarded,

as a third dividend, the paltry prize of £863.

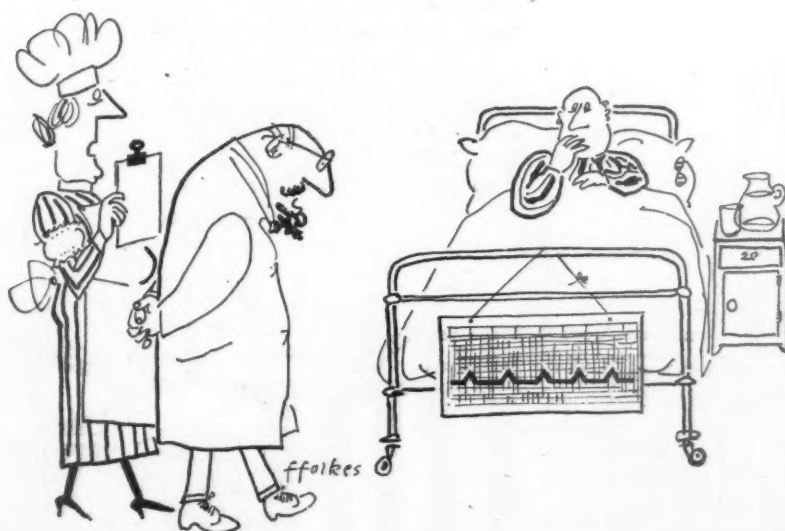
"Before they received any money from the company the defendants Feathers and Furblow were interviewed by the newspapers. Both, as is customary, we understand, began by announcing that money meant nothing to them, that their winnings would make no difference to their simple way of life, that, after a brief visit to the metropolis with their wives, they would return to their usual employment. They then disclosed the secrets of their success. Mr. Feathers said that he had written on slips of paper the names of all teams beginning with A, B, C, and L, placed them in a lucky hat and desired his niece, aged 11, to extract ten of them. Mr. Furblow said that he had asked a stranger in a tavern to choose any twelve numbers between 1 and 54. He added proudly that he had been using this method for the last seven years. Before that his custom was to place the coupon upside-down before him, close his eyes, and make hopeful marks with a pencil.

"One who read this information with especial interest was Mr. Haddock. This competitor, as he testified later,

had attained his 22 points by a careful study of the 'form.' He had noted the relative positions of opposing teams in the League Tables, the results of their recent matches, and the corresponding matches in previous years: he had consulted the expert advisers of eight newspapers on the previous Sunday, three evening papers on Tuesday, and a sporting paper on Wednesday and Thursday. He now telegraphed to the Claims Department of Philanthropic Pools:

UNDERSTOOD YOU WERE CONDUCTING COMPETITION IN FORECASTING REPEAT FORECASTING STOP PUBLISHED METHODS OF MESSRS FEATHERS AND FURBLOW CLEARLY SHOW THEY WERE EMPLOYING METHODS OF AN UNLAWFUL LOTTERY STOP CLAIM THEY SHOULD BE DISQUALIFIED AND FIRST DIVIDEND AWARDED TO ME WHO USED ONLY SKILL AND JUDGMENT ACCORDING TO LAW ALBERT HADDOCK X3/13.

"To the general astonishment, and the natural annoyance of Feathers and Furblow, the defendant company acceded to this request, and their cheque for £261,214 was duly presented to Mr. Haddock by Miss Angel August, an actress. The company, as they have explained to the Court, had long been worried by the number of winning entrants who had publicly attributed their success to practices similar to those of Feathers and Furblow. Some have employed a pin, some, less industrious, an old-fashioned toasting-fork. Some have scattered shot, or brown sugar, on their coupons, and used it as a guide. Others have used the Letter System. These take some message such as God Save The Queen Long May She Reign, and select eight matches in which the first letters of the Home teams spell out that message. One of the numerous Royal Commissions on Betting and Gaming referred to two winners of very large prizes whose 'method of selecting the matches to be included in their forecast was to choose those matches which corresponded with the dates of the birthdays of members of the family.' None of these methods,



"Hiccups."

said the company, even when they took the form of a loyal greeting to the Throne, could be dignified with the name of 'forecast,' a word which is frequent in their Rules. No competitor before Mr. Haddock had objected.

"Feathers and Furblo were unable to sue the company, because of a passage in the Rules providing that nothing in any pool transaction shall be 'legally enforceable or the subject of litigation.' They then, in an understandable fit of pique, laid an information against the company for conducting an unlawful lottery. The police took over the prosecution and put them in the dock as well for 'playing, throwing or drawing' at a lottery.

"I must not attempt to influence you in any way: but I have no doubt myself that you will find them guilty. A 'forecast' is a mental process. It is described in the *Oxford English Dictionary* thus: 'To estimate, conjecture or imagine beforehand the course of events or future condition of things'. Mr. Feathers neither estimated, conjectured nor imagined: he used no skill or judgment. He simply drew, with the assistance of his niece, some scraps of paper from a hat. Mr. Furblo drew his numbers similarly from a stranger. Now, as one of the Royal Commissions remarked, 'The characteristic feature of a lottery is that it is a distribution of prizes by lot or chance.' Who can doubt that as far as these two men were concerned that was the character of this transaction, that but for the intervention of Mr. Haddock they would have been large winners in a lottery?

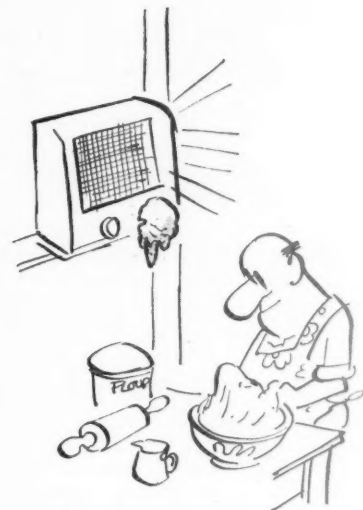
"But in your lively minds, members of the jury, I see this question stirring: Does it follow, if these two men are convicted, that you must find the defendant company guilty? I must instruct you to the contrary. The company, you may well conclude, are conducting a *bona fide* competition for persons interested in forecasting the results of football matches. It was, and is, their intention and desire that the prizes shall be won by serious-minded competitors using such skill, judgment and technical information as they may possess or can acquire. This they have sufficiently shown, you may think, by their disqualification of Feathers and Furblo, which was a highly unpopular act. But then, you may inquire, if they are not conducting an unlawful lottery,

how can Feathers and Furblo be condemned for taking part in one? That is the kind of question over which the law of our land rides easily and proudly. There are many cases where a guilty act or element can be imported into an innocent enterprise without involving the enterprise itself. A man may write obscene answers to a cross-word puzzle or draw lewd pictures in the margin, so as to expose himself to a prosecution; but the newspaper will not be blamed. A man by some trick might continue to consume intoxicating liquor on licensed premises after permitted hours: but the publican, if he had done his best, would not be held responsible. In certain matrimonial causes it has been established that A committed adultery with B, but not B with A, though that, I fear, is not so close a parallel. Here again these men have imported evil into an innocent activity. They, and it is feared a good many others, have done their best to convert a respectable competition into a criminal gamble. If they have to pay any penalty it need not obviously be applied to their victims too.

"Do not, by the way, pay much attention to the ingenious argument advanced for the defence by Sir Adrian Floss. Sir Adrian observed that in the Treble Chance Pool, for reasons hidden from the Court, the task is to forecast Eight Draws in a single line; that as a rule there are 54 matches in the list; that there are no fewer than 1,040,465,790 ways in which 8 matches can be selected from 54. Therefore, he said, the use of skill and judgment cannot, in fact, greatly affect the result. Indeed, they may be a positive disadvantage: for he who follows 'form' will miss the unforeseeable, exceptional results, the 'outsiders,' as it were, which produce the highest 'dividends.' These, he said, can only be caught by a happy chance: so that Feathers and Furblo, though they used no skill, at least showed some judgment. Mr. Haddock, on the other hand, said that he always did better when he studied 'form' and so on than on the rare occasions when, by way of experiment, he 'used a pin.' Mr. Haddock, I thought, gave his evidence with singular clarity, credibility and charm. All must now be as clear to you as the many miles of mud that lie under the Thames between Westminster and the Nore. Pray retire."

The jury retired.

Man in Apron by Larry





Nave of Cathedral. Jules Helthausen, Minister of Defence 1943-44. Summary of career on pedestal omits (1) Prison sentence for Ordnance Contract Frauds (2) The "Sauna" scandal (3) Opera on Machiavelli, folded after Act I.

Travellers' Lowdown

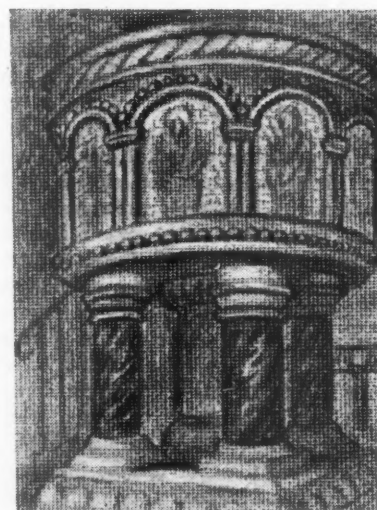
What is the average tourist taught of the rackets surrounding the building of the Colosseum, or the cause célèbre which raged over who should lay the foundation stone of the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington? Probably nothing. It is time that sightseeing literature ceased to coat everything with the gloss of history and got down to the real dirt.

THE ordinary guidebook to a European city seems to be aimed at the traveller whose one fear is to be thought slap-dash on his return home. Even the dulllest building is plodded round in four sizes of type; even the drabdest street provides one crumb of fact—*Birthplace of Maurice de Hirsch* (1832–1911), follower of Galton; even the topmost floor of the Museum gets its mention, if only that the collection is "in course of re-arrangement." Even the guides that go all roguish and have "amusing" little pictures and hint that their readers are gay dogs do not really face the fact that, whereas some travellers want to know the kind of things they would be told if travelling with the boys from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, others would

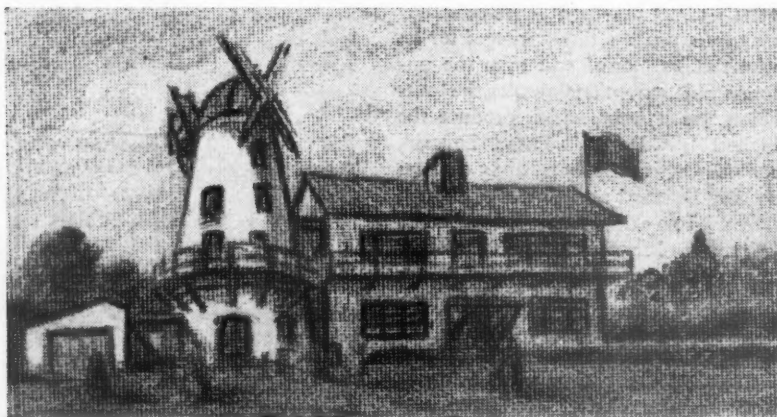
prefer the company of the local correspondents of *Confidential*.

What the world is waiting for is the keyhole guidebook, published abroad, where libel actions are difficult, and smuggled into the country inside the cover of a manual of architecture. It would be based on the worst kind of local knowledge and the staff would include a Consulting Blackmailer. Take that typical European capital TRIBURGA. The few sights of architectural and historical interest would be dealt with crisply. So would the *Essential Information* about how to hire a cab and what those pink notes are and where to find an English-speaking dentist. But the assistance given would not stop there.

Readers would be told that they could



Choir of Cathedral. Hideous pinkish stone. Begun as sexcentenary memorial but never completed as Treasurer of Committee squandered funds on Lily Mahi, an eventually-unsuccessful lion-tamer. Loud-speaker equipment makes preachers sound bestial.



For years this appalling example of the work of Pietro Spagna was a love-nest occupied by the Vice-President of the Council of Ministers; but since he entered the pay of the Austrian Secret Service he has moved to the Villa Medici in the fashionable Corso Rothschild. The building now has a new tenant called Count Luigi Wittels and is known locally as "Gomorrhah."

see all of the *Castle* worth seeing by sitting at a small café opposite the main gate and looking up at it and that the *National Gallery* contained a good deal of unbelievably ugly painting, most of it donated by Frau Vrieda Collheim and easy to spot because the frames were always surmounted by the Collheim arms (reproduced). Similarly, the *Essential Information* would warn the reader that in hiring cabs it was important to explain that you did not also wish to hire the driver's sister, that the pink notes were generally forgeries, and that the English-speaking dentist was an anglophobe.

National Collections

MUSEUM OF ORIENTAL ART: Omit unless time hangs heavy. Since the Curator was winged by an enraged father he seems to have lost his grasp and has been sold more and more fakes. The large *Head of a Balinese Princess* in the entrance hall was made in Reading.

STATE COLLECTION OF WAXWORKS: Some people think No. 44, the *Prince-Regent Beppo*, is the original. Note lobeless ears in the Royal Family (one of Lombroso's Signs of Criminality).

MUNICIPAL ZOO: Precautions at the *Lion-pit* are inadequate; safe vantage point on first floor of café. Labelling of *Small Mammals* explicable only by graft.

NATIONAL TREASURE: *Models*.

MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES: *Casts of Roman copies of Greek statues. The Duburga Hoard:* enormous number of low denomination coins and a small pick. Floors slippery.

Theatres : Restaurants: Night-Spots

THE COMMEDIETTA: Specializes in slow historical pieces full of valse tunes, the bars do not open until half-way through the intervals and the seats squeak.

LES PLAISIRS D'ENFER: Avoid the hot lobster.

JACKI'S DINNER-CABARET-BAR: Drink only branded champagne and steer clear of the palmist.

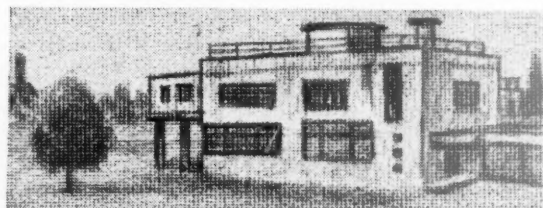
LE TURC ENRAGÉ: Avant-garde food. You pay for the décor, the white-mascara'd teenagers and the ear-splitting oboeist.

THE OPERA: Not for music-lovers.

THE PLEASURE GARDENS OF THE NINTH APRIL: Statues of patriots, three flowerbeds, gravel paths and a ramshackle maze. Do not visit on first Tuesday in the month. Band.



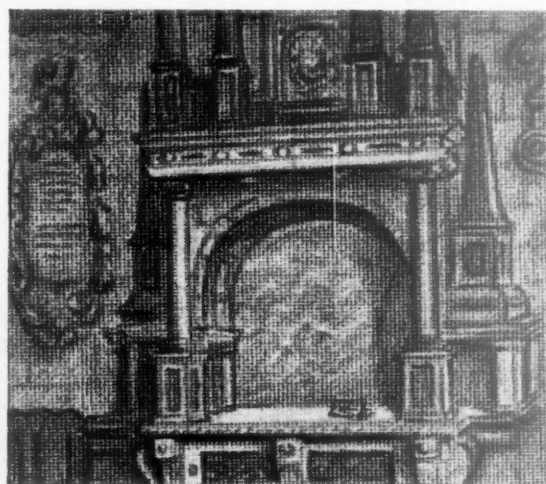
Apartments let to wealthy Englishwomen by the owners, Beppo and Ingrid Schmidt. At the time of going to press it is eight months since one of them, Janet Fitch, has been seen. Schmidt senior was proprietor of a very profitable key-cutting business.



Every year the students of the School of Architecture give a prize for the ugliest building. This got the award in 1930. The architects were Commendatore Max Hoppia and Partners, whose work still wins the prize at least one year in three.



Now occupied by Maria van Domp. Her acquittal on a charge of garrotting her husband was a cause célèbre of the early 1950s and led to the lynching of three jurors and the relegation of the Judge to a provincial Headmastership.



S. Aisle of Cathedral. Alleged tomb of last Archbishop. Actually the body was seized by creditors. The appalling taste of the monument is explained by the influence exerted on the choice of sculptor by the mother of the Minister of Fine Arts. The Latin inscription contains two howlers.

Moving the L.C.C.

By EVOE

AS soon as I heard about the horror I seized my pen.

"Dear Relevant Authority," I began. There is always to me a delicate charm about that phrase. But I thought better of it, and crossed it out.

"My dear London County Council," I substituted. "The attention of Podwell has been drawn to the leave you have no doubt reluctantly given for the erection of five or six monstrous blocks of flats in a cul-de-sac called Old Oak Grove, a tract of ground which for many years has preserved a faint appearance of semi-rusticity and sylvan peace.

"It is one of the few remaining portions of the great forest of Middlesex, which once mercifully clothed these hills, and to plant it anew with a set

of barbarous Babylonian edifices will involve not only the ruin of the skyline but the utter devastation of the amenities of the neighbourhood.

"Think for a moment of these old trees, these patriarchs of the wood, sage beneath which, as no doubt your whole Council will remember, sat the Druid (hoary chief), who so deeply resented the infliction of corporal punishment on our Warrior Queen.

"I refer to Boadicea, or Boudicca, as she is perhaps more properly termed. What was her reaction to the insult? An indignation not unnatural to any strong-minded and independent young woman of her day. She destroyed Colchester, captured St. Albans, obliterated London, with all its civic authorities, and put seventy thousand Romans to

death. Not long thereafter, and not very far from the Old Oak Grove at Podwell Edge, if tradition be true, she was most unhappily defeated by the Roman General Suetonius Paulinus, whose war diaries, if he left any, have not been preserved.

"It was no light revenge. He won his battle, alas! by eighty thousand Britons to four hundred Romans slain. The barrow, or tumulus, is still to be noted not far away on the open common land, the murmurous haunt of picnic parties on summer eves. Little they think on those strong limbs that moulder deep below.

"While it is not to be supposed that the architectural outrages permitted under your present town-planning scheme will entail consequences quite



"Funny we shouldn't have been asked to any parties this Christmas when you were the life and soul of so many last year."

so calamitous as those under note, a very bitter feeling has been aroused by the imminence of these eight-storey eyesores, a feeling which it is hoped you may find it in your hearts to allay.

"But worse remains. The road into which Podwell Old Oak Grove debouches is as narrow as it was in the days of the Roman occupation. It is constantly jammed with traffic and parked cars, reboant with loud hooting and the shrieks of suddenly applied brakes. The erection of these appalling enormities will multiply the number of resident motorists and the consequent chance of accidents, until the lane does indeed resemble a battlefield between the Britons with their scythe-wheeled chariots and the legions of the Italian invader."

I took my letter to the Secretary of the Podwell Preservation Society and asked him if he would like to use it. He seemed doubtful.

"You don't think it understates the grievance?" I said.

"Not at all. I think it clearly indicates your disapproval. But all this stuff about Boadicea."

"Boudicca."

"Boudicca, if that's how you want it. Anyway, I don't believe it will move the L.C.C."

"You have to get some sort of sex appeal," I said. "You can't sell an iron girder nowadays without a beautiful girl sitting on top of it."

"Was she beautiful?"

"Handsomeness and attractive, I should say, with smouldering eyes and a certain tigerish charm."

"But is there the slightest reason for supposing she was there?"

I told him that he did not understand the principles of topography.

"What you have to do," I pointed out, "is to find any important person who probably was, or might well have been, in a certain place at a certain time, and then say 'Can we help supposing that?' or 'surely we may well imagine,' or 'So-and-so must often have,' or something of that kind. It's the surest way of lending colour to the scene. Suppose, I mean, that you are writing a monograph about King's Cross Station. You can say 'the aged Gladstone must often have bought a sandwich at this refreshment room, and pondered as he paced the platform on the Midlothian campaign.'"



"Stanley just won't have TV in the house."

"I see. But so far as this Society is concerned we should like someone rather later than the Warrior Queen."

I skimmed the centuries.

"There was Doctor Johnson," I said. "He wrote *The Vanity of Human Wishes* up here, not more than a few hundred yards away. 'Let observation with extensive view . . .'"

"That's exactly what we want. Try him."

I posted my own letter and drafted another for the Society. I don't remember what I put in it, except the sentence "Many a time and oft must the Great Lexicographer have walked to the top of Podwell Old Oak Grove and looked out over London as he meditated his melodious lines, little knowing that a later age would strive to obscure the prospect with these

concrete evidences of a moribund civilization."

But I had no heart in this letter. It even occurred to me that the great lexicographer, enamoured as he was of the bustle and stir of London, might have welcomed the urbanization of Podwell Old Oak Grove, on its northern fringe.

I need hardly say that neither letter had the slightest effect. The utmost concession that we were able to wring from County Hall was a pious note that the new buildings when erected would carry in their title some reference to the historical associations of their environment.

Very likely they will. Boswell Mansions seems the most probable designation. Or Boudicca Court? Boudicca Court, Nos. 1-666?

NO POSSIBILITY OF ERROR

HOW many Christmas inspirations leave both parties fulfilled? Though Cousin Bertie has actually hit on your favourite tobacco, he's tormented by a suspicion that you may have given up smoking. When Aunt Caroline found you the sherry-glasses she hugged herself . . . but you are wondering uneasily if she could afford them. Demolish doubts on both sides with a year's subscription to PUNCH. Nobody gives up laughter. And who couldn't afford £2 16s.? (The truth, please.) Subscriptions: Great Britain and Eire £2 16s.; Canada (By Canadian Magazine Post) £2 10s. (\$7.25); Elsewhere Overseas £3 (U.S.A. \$9.00). Write to: Department ED., PUNCH, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4. U.S.A. and Canadian readers may remit by cheques on their own banks. Other overseas readers should consult their bankers or remit by postal money order.

Set the People Free

Little Brief Authority



The Tyranny of Fashion - By Susan Chitty

THE magnet, the arrow, the spindle and the trapeze are only a few of the symbols of our bondage over the last five years. In that period we have changed shape fundamentally no fewer than ten times. In 1955 we wore the A-line (bulk at the bottom), which was quickly followed by the inverted A-line (bulk at the top); in 1956 it was the unsuccessful Empire line and ankle length suits; in 1957 the 'Thirties revival and the sack; in 1958 the trapeze line and the *successful* Empire line; and in 1959 the *Jolie Madame* look (i.e. nothing in particular) and now the balloon tunic which you are no doubt wearing as you read this.

I am not suggesting that fashion is a bad thing. The need for it is planted deep down in our primitive nature. As Professor Flügel, author of *The Psychology of Dress*, pointed out, we wear clothes primarily to tempt the opposite sex and attraction relies on variety. We therefore change the style of our clothes, or as Mr. Laver would say, we shift the erogenous zone, from time to time. After the Great War interest descended from *les réservoirs de la maternité* to the legs, and short skirts became the order of the day.

But our most primitive nature does *not* require a shift in the erogenous zone every six months. Furthermore, apart from being against nature these changes of fashion are absurdly expensive. If a woman must discard after six months a garment that still has two and a half years' wear in it she is going to spend

six times as much as she need on clothes. I know a London secretary who lived entirely on baked beans and coffee in order to keep up with the mode. She went into a decline recently with a malnutrition disease hitherto found only among the Batoro of Uganda (where the condition is induced by an exclusive diet of bananas). Furthermore, in their efforts to think up something new, designers are bound to resort to extreme and impractical styles. Thus we get shoes that are not suitable for pedestrians, skirts that cannot be worn by sitters and strings of pearls that make the task of soup-eaters almost impossible. Some lines constitute an actual danger to the wearer. A friend of mine might still be inviolate had not a ring stole pinioned her arms to her sides at a crucial moment in 1952. On second thoughts, however, I will not pursue this argument too far. The three-foot headdress of 1440, the thirteen-inch waist of 1560 and the spat corset of 1910 (so-called because it reached to the ankles) were hardly practical in spite of being the products of more leisurely eras.

For more leisurely they certainly were. The basic garment between 1160 and 1490 was a floor-length gown. It is true Queen Eleanor, with Gallic daring, discarded the girdle in 1260, but the new fashion continued for one hundred and eighty years. Things began to speed up in the nineteenth century when the fashion plate, the sewing machine and the dress designer

were invented. Yet there were only five major changes of line in that momentous hundred years (the romantic look, the crinoline, the bustle, the fish tail and the leg-o'-mutton sleeve). One line every twenty years compares favourably with the forty of to-day.

Who is responsible for such mad proliferation? Obviously not the Government. Politicians have wisely kept out of this field with the exception of a French Minister of the Interior who required women to demonstrate their revolutionary principles by giving up shoes, stockings, corsets, garters and petticoats and wearing only a tunic open at both sides. Unlike most sumptuary laws this one was actually obeyed. The Utility scheme of the recent war might be described as Government interference in fashion. Certainly styles were evolved which used a minimum of material and an unsuccessful attempt was made to banish the male trouser turn-up.

No, the obvious villains are the French *couturiers* who retire to mills and other pleasaunces twice yearly to torture new lines out of their heads. Each designer translates these lines into as many as one hundred and eighty garments which are displayed at mammoth parades in February and August (not counting the mid-season shows). The *Couture* is certainly one of France's major industries. Although Dior employs a staff of only nine hundred, thousands of times that number in subsidiary trades rely on him. It is said,

for instance, that he introduced the voluminous New Look in 1945 to put the textile mills of Lyon back on their feet. Not without reason in March 1958 a news vendor of Paris chalked up "St. Laurent has saved France."

Are we then obliged to change our clothes every six months to keep the French economy on a sound footing? No. We must look deeper than that. The profession of a *couturier* is not, in itself, a profitable one. There is a long line of names now only commemorated on perfume bottles—Lelong, Molyneux, Piguet, Rochas—to prove it. A *couturier* is someone who makes clothes by hand (which is slow) for the rich (who are few). He can only grow wealthy by riding on someone else's back and that back is the wholesale dress trade. *Couturiers* make their money by selling sketches, *toiles* and reproductions to manufacturers who rush them to their studios, despoil them (that is to say divide them up among a number of dresses—a tab here, to a pleat there), and mass-produce

garments with Paris features at a fraction of Paris prices.

Mass production of dresses exists in England but to see the real thing you must go to Seventh Avenue where six hundred garments a minute are produced for women who discard them like paper napkins after a few wearings. (Indeed experiments with paper dresses are well advanced.) Dresses are cut out with circular saws which bite through two hundred layers of cloth like butter and there is a machine for every process.

This monster must be fed and Paris feeds it. If women did not buy clothes at frequent intervals production would be bound to slacken. The only way to make women buy is to ensure that each style is short-lived and that the one that follows it is so different from the last that there is no question of adapting existing garments to it. New ones must be bought so that the wheels of industry (or rather the circular saws) may continue to turn. In the opinion of experts this is why Dior springs a series of surprises on us instead of allowing one

line to evolve naturally from season to season in the manner of Balenciaga. He is obliged to by the American buyers. Some even say that these buyers dictate his line to him. Certainly he is bound to design with America in mind and the short skirts and unbosomy looks of recent seasons have obviously been intended for rangy trans-Atlantic beauties. Nothing could be more unsuitable for the average Frenchwoman.

Next in the chain of villains come the shops who say, when you ask for the style that suited you last time, "Oh, but that was *last* season's line, madam." Yet they must take only a small share of the blame as I hope to prove.

For who persuades the public that it is necessary to buy the new line and not leave it to pile up in the warehouses of Seventh Avenue and Great Portland Street? Now we are approaching the true villain, for the worst tyranny is the tyranny of the mind and the tyrant in question is the Fashion Press. The power of that press is a shadow here



compared with America where a forty-page newspaper gives daily bulletins on what's new from bibs to shrouds and where the editors of the two leading glossies, Carmel Snow and Bettina Ballard, make Paris cower.

The big fashion magazines are in fact the public relations officers of the dress manufacturers, and only to a very much smaller extent, of the dress shops. In one typical copy of a leading monthly I counted seventy-three "up front" full-page advertisements from manufacturers and four from shops. The revenue from these advertisements is enormous. The average glossy might cost 17s. 6d. a copy if it were not subsidized in this way.

The methods by which the journalists persuade us to buy new clothes are ridicule, schoolma'aminess and deception, and the strongest of these is ridicule. Last season's fashions are compared unfavourably with this season's. Thus in the spring of 1958 Dior launched the trapeze variant on the chemise and *Vogue* praised it highly and wrote "The prevailing mood is one of ease and a relaxed sense of fit. The waistline is implied but at no point insisted upon." However in the autumn the Empire line came in and *Vogue* hastened to welcome with equal warmth the "Feminization of the *shapeless* chemise . . . refreshing after so many seasons of *droop* suits." (The italics are mine.) Yes, that expensive little two-piece you bought on their recommendation was a droop suit, and brave would

be the woman who dared give it another airing after that.

Yet schoolma'aminess is almost as powerful a weapon. "The clothes you *must* see"; "You've left it late. But not too late"; "There's no doubt they're not easy to wear. It may mean extra trouble but you'll be well rewarded for it," and so on. Finally there is deception. They will persuade you that there is some choice in the matter. "Paris never dictates. There is always a choice of line," wrote Anne Scott-James in the *Sunday Express* in 1956, and *Harper's* echoed her: "In a season of pudding moulds into which the head plunges down to the eyebrows, vast shallower hats hold their own." But you would still have looked a fool if you had gone to Ascot in a pill-box or any of the hundred possible hat shapes. This season, when they cannot even pretend there is a choice, they have resorted to cajolement. *Vogue*, referring to the balloon tunic which is obviously hard on the (fat) majority, writes "It is revolutionary at full strength—but see how relaxed and wearable the look can be. At its simplest it is no more than a tunic effect . . . utterly unalarming." *Harper's* this season disguised their collections report as a fairy tale. Audrey Hepburn chased Mel Ferrer round Paris in a selection of utterly alarming outfits and eventually caught him—and no doubt us.

And so we fall, again and again. We read the magazines, we are "re-orientated" (the latest Americanism for

brain-washed) we discard what we have and we buy what they tell us. Six months later it happens all over again. And even success will not satisfy them. If we learn our lesson too quickly they think up another to keep us quiet until the bell rings. Look what happened to the sou'wester hat in 1957. We bought it so willingly that within three months they could barely mention it in a caption without a snigger of derision.

What then is the answer? How can we slow down this giddy multiplication of shapes? The answer is to look to Paris, the source of our misery but also the cure for it. For there, crowned with a Breton hat and hung about with beads that "spare, spruce sparrow" Gabrielle Chanel. And what is she wearing? A cardigan suit and a silk shirt. And how long has she been wearing it? Since 1930. And do the wholesalers refuse to copy, the shops to buy or the journalists to praise? Read *Vogue's* captions to the photographs of almost identical suits that have been appearing since her return in 1956:

March 1956. "A suit, beautifully understated by that past-mistress of the art, Chanel."

September 1956. "Chanel (who else?) dreamed up this way to look after 5.0."

March 1957. "Fashion has caught up with Chanel."

September 1957. "Chanel pursues her own faultlessly elegant line."

March 1958. "Chanel (who else?) pursuing with faultless elegance her own line."

September 1958. "Chanel serenely continues her own essentially contemporary line."

This season. "Her formula unchanged."

If Chanel can maintain her formula unchanged why should not we? Let us select a style that is understated, faultlessly elegant and essentially contemporary and push it, like a private Member's bill, backwards through the sausage machine. That is to say let us refuse to read the fashion columns and insist upon *our* line at the shops. They in turn will be bound to convey our wishes to the manufacturers who in turn will cease to pester the *couturiers* for "Something New" every few months. Then let us sit back and wait for fashion to catch up with us.

Next Week :

"Dining and Wining,"
by Raymond Postgate





In the City

Who Helps Himself

OF all the problems with which the world will be faced in the 1960s, that of the widening gap between the affluent and the poor societies will be the most urgent and certainly the most highly charged with political dynamite. The gap may become wider still as the pressure of population drives countries like India, Pakistan and China towards the Malthusian abyss, the edge beyond which the growth of population definitely overtakes the means of subsistence.

This problem is the main concern of Mr. Douglas Dillon's visit to Europe. The American Under-Secretary of State for Economic Affairs will undoubtedly have told his listeners here and on the Continent that Uncle Sam is getting a little tired of providing most of the economic assistance for these poor countries. At the same time he sees the need to go on helping them, on humanitarian as well as political grounds.

The two great contenders in the race towards greater prosperity through industrialization are China and India. It remains to be seen whether Communism or the relative freedom of India's approach to this immense task will do the better job. The outcome of the race will be significant not only for the whole of Asia but for the result of the economic cold war on which we have now embarked.

The problem on which Mr. Dillon is engaged was recently stated with brutal clarity by Mr. Julian Crossley in his report to shareholders of Barclays Bank D.C.O. More than half the population of the world, he said, is living at the bare level of subsistence with an income of something rather less than the equivalent of £1 a week. Some hundreds of millions of these "have-nots" live within the Commonwealth. It may be argued that there is nothing very new in all this. But what is new is that with the speed of communication and of technical invention the difference in living standards is liable to increase and at the same time to be revealed and become apparent to all concerned, the rich and the poor.

A lot is, of course, being done, if not to close the gap at least to lift the level in the poorer nations. The most effective help is that which is being given through institutions such as Mr. Crossley's D.C.O. A bank of this kind encourages economic development in each of the many countries in which it is represented. It is help given on sound commercial principles and given at the grass roots. Within the last five years D.C.O. has opened no fewer than three hundred and forty-five new offices from the West Indies to the Seychelles—which may incidentally account for the fact that D.C.O. profits have not bounded forward as have done those of banks operating more exclusively in the industrial countries.

An example of the Bank's enterprise and faith is an investment it has recently made in the Belgian Congo, taking up a large participation in a well-established bank operating in

that disturbed country. D.C.O. do not expect a quick return on that investment but are concerned chiefly with the long-term possibilities and with the fact that the Congo is contiguous with other African territories in which it is strongly represented. This is an example to be followed by the larger injections of capital that may be expected with the new Dillon look at international investment.

Whatever great projects and institutions may emerge from Mr. Dillon's journeys, they could do far worse than take their motto from the Royal charter from which D.C.O. derived its existence one hundred and twenty-three years ago. It set out the great object of the bank as "the advancement of the interests of the colonies generally," and enjoined it to engage "in such business only as is conformable to what are held to be correct principles of Banking."

— LOMBARD LANE



In the Country

Milk Fudge

WHEN I see a report by an Inspector of Weights and Measures that the watering of milk is practically non-existent, nostalgia is my first emotion.

One of the earliest jokes to tickle my sense of humour was a cartoon from a *Punch* of the first world war. A farmer is dipping his long-handled measure into the brass-bound churns on his float, and he is explaining to his customer the bluish tinge of the milk. "I can't stop they danged cows from eating the blackberries."

The story stuck in my mind probably because I was at the why-and-wherefore stage, and I wondered if watered milk really did look blue, if cows really did eat blackberries, and so on; and I never did find the answers. Then I started farming myself.

I would come indoors after an unrewarding milking session with my commercial herd and read, for instance, about Manningford Faith Jan Graceful who in her life gave enough milk to supply a family of ten with their pinta milka day each throughout their three-score years and ten, with plenty left over for the cat. Then I remembered all

the well-tried short cuts to selling more milk.

Adding water has been the usual method, even if it has sometimes been involuntary, as in the Case of the Fraudulent Magistrate. This man said to his new Irish cowman "Well I'm off now, Pat, for ten days' holiday. Now you be sure and keep those churns full." Pat did what he was told, using the resources of the Water Board to make good the shortcomings of the cows, and in due course the farming J.P. paid the penalty at the hands of his fellow magistrates.

The fiendish ingenuity of the Inspector of Weights and Measures has found out most culprits, but he has not always secured a conviction because of the almost equal ingenuity of farmers in finding excuses. Leaking coolers is the first choice, because in a cooler the milk and the water travel on opposite sides of a thin sheet of metal.

The last word in the history of milk adulteration (if it really is time to write the last word) could well be the tale of the farmer who had several times been caught watering his milk. He was discussing his troubles with a neighbour who said to him "How do you put the water in, boss bach? Do you pour it in on top of the milk? ... Oh, well, that's your trouble then. Now if you put the water in the churn before the milk, they can't find out."

So he tried again, bless him!

— LLEWELYN WILLIAMS

Toby Competitions

No. 92—Happily Ever After

COMPETITORS are invited to supply the final paragraph of a fairy story. Limit 120 words.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive a book token to the value of one guinea. Entries, in view of Christmas postal difficulties, by first post Wednesday, December 23, to TOBY COMPETITION No. 92, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 89 (Beauty's Bard)

Laureates were invited to hymn Miss World. They did so in profusion, some contenting themselves with pæans of praise, others adopting a high note of disapproval, hinting that there was little or nothing behind the façade. Many located the champion geographically, but these were not the happiest metrically. The winner was:

G. A. COWLEY
ASTON SOMERVILLE
NEAR BROADWAY
WORCESTERSHIRE

Miss World, you are akin to Mother Earth,
I find myself towards you drawn—I fall.
(Though on the question of your central girth
I see there's no comparison at all.)

However, you, like her, have hilly ranges,
And have a seething mass beneath your crust;
And, soon, it seems, unless the outlook changes
You'll have in common a colossal bust.

Runners-up are:

Graceful child of rival choosing
Treasure well your hour of conquest.
Great to-day your peerless triumph
Yet withal just merely global.

For e'er long man's spacious targets
Will embrace such wide horizons
That when next the lists you enter
Keener still will be the contest.

Fair Selene, Moon's emissary,
Armless Venus (Aphrodite)
Shining Planet, star (and starlet)
Each will take the stand for judgment,

Yet I know with apt perception
None eclipse your own perfection.
R. E. Ansell, 22 Sharman's Cross Road,
Solihull, Warwickshire

No more need nations strive, in toil and pain,
The victor's priceless laurel crown to gain,

For Truth and Beauty, seen in you revealed
With greater power and with naught
concealed,
In Beauty's name the vital Truth display—
Fair Venus' measures over all hold sway.
G. Aitken (Mrs.), School House, East
Coker, Yeovil, Somerset

Hail, fairest child of Earth, to whom the prize

Hath been awarded, not, as once of old,
By single verdict of the venal eyes
Of Paris, but by judgment manifold!
Though on thy ruby lips a dumbness dwell,
And on thy brow no thought its furrow trace,

With what rich curves we see thy bosom swell!

What hues bedeck that inexpressive face!
Yet, as we gaze, there comes the chilling thought

Of Beauty's curse, the havoc and the harm
By Helen once and Cleopatra wrought,
Dido's fell power and Circe's fatal charm.
So, lest thy lure engender strife between us,
We'll bid some rocket bear thee home—to Venus!

R. Kennard Davis, On-the-Hill, Pilton,
Shepton Mallet, Somerset

Happy the man who, like Alcmena's son
Or Titan Atlas, knows th' heroic bliss
In circling arms a Worldling such as this
To bear uplifted, fair Stars looking on.
Her Features Physical what artist's hand
Could map? Who those five Continents of charms

(Or, sev'rally, face, bosom, hips, legs, arms)
Depict, to be by wond'ring optics scann'd?
Each Science now but folly doth appear,
Save one, her glad Geomorphology.
This I'd profess, but, should I weary be,
Rest on her bosom's either Hemisphere.

To others, Worldling, turn thy Frigid Zone:

To me be Temp'rate, sometimes Torrid, known.

F. J. Lelièvre, 98a, High Street, Wimbledon,
S.W.19

☆

The Conformist

HE waited for the evening bus,
This village youth, this lad.
He stood alone, apart from us;
Quiet his face and sad.

His hair it had a wondrous quiff;
His tie was long and white,
His duffel-coat was dark and stiff,
His jeans were black and tight.

And suddenly it seemed to me,
The way he gazed afar
And patiently, so patiently,
Shifted his damned guitar

From one toe to the other, that
Here was a type one knew—
Surely the brief-cased bowler-hat
Waiting at Waterloo?

— ANGELA MILNE

THEN AS NOW



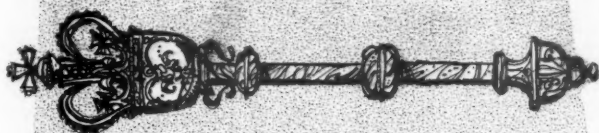
THE PURSUIT OF SCIENCE

Pretty but Scientific Governess. "PRAY, CAN WE OBTAIN A SPECIMEN OF THIS MINE?"

Miner (gallantly). "WELL, MISS, THIS 'ERE'S A WORKED-OUT MINE, AND US THREE'S THE ONLY SPECIMENS LEFT. AT YOUR 'UMBLE SERVICE, MISS, I'M SURE!!"

December 10 1870

Essence



of Parliament

A CURIOUS week. The advertised rows all fizzled out miserably. The Socialists took the Speaker's refusal to allow the adjournment of the House about telephone-tapping like lambs. No one was in any mind to make party points about the Moorhouse Museum. In the Lords Lord Esher raised a plea, unfamiliar, in these days, for rabbits, and Lord Silkin another, almost as unfamiliar, for County Councils. Their lordships would have divided over bed-bugs in Aden, but you cannot divide without dividers. When the moment came it was found that they had decided that indigestion was the better part of valour, and not enough had abstained from joint and two veg. to make a quorum or to beat the Government. But there were some unpremeditated rows to make up for this. Racial discrimination produced an admirable if slightly lengthy maiden from Mr. Chataway, and a brouhaha as a nightcap fired off by Mr. Callaghan before they went home to bed. It is not at all easy to say at this distance what we should do about apartheid. Some plans would be more effective in easing our own consciences than in benefiting the Africans. It is a question what good a boycott of South African goods would do to the Africans. Mr. Chataway would have the M.C.C. stop playing South Africa at cricket, but cricketers in South Africa, like Mr. van Ryneveld, are on the whole a liberal lot—almost as good as table-tennisers. It is the rugby footballers who are the

Nationalists. Yet certainly the Government's argument that the United Nations has no right to express an opinion upon apartheid is, as Mr. Elwyn Jones showed, legally pretty feeble, and they would do well to follow the example of Australia and the advice of Mr. Chataway and at least abstain on such resolutions.

There has been some good knock-about both in the Commons and in the Lords about Science. It seems pretty obvious that neither Lord Hailsham nor anybody else is very clear what the new Minister is supposed to do. And Lord Hailsham brought more tomes than ideas to sustain him. Lord Taylor, who introduced the Lords' debate, is an edifyingly serious-minded man who, as befits the author of the Suburban Neurosis and the Psychopathic Tenth, does not believe in joking about Science. He was once private secretary to Lord Morrison of Lambeth, and he looked a little shocked at the vigorous flippancy with which his late boss poured scorn on this new idolatry which is so sure that

When Science has discovered something more

We shall be happier than we were before,

but I think that Lord Morrison had the best of it. It is his great virtue that he knows bunk when he sees it. He has so much experience of it.

There are two bills before the Commons these days which are raising a steady rumble of rows. First, there

Mr. C. Chataway



Mr. J. Callaghan

is the Betting Bill, now upstairs with its Standing Committee. There the Government is almost compelling the Opposition to make a row by *force majeure*, for the Government is in the curious position of having put the Whips on to carry the Bill without having the least idea what the Bill ought to say. They must keep the talk going for some time in the vain hope that if they talk long enough even M.P.s must in the end say something that has some meaning. The other row is about the Local Employment Bill. There the row is not so much about the Bill—which oddly enough is an unopposed Bill. It is a row of the Socialist back-benchers against the Socialist front bench. That indefatigable discoverer, Mr. Ellis Smith, discovered, like Malvolio, a piece of paper which set out a timetable of how long Members were to talk on each amendment. Sir Gordon Touche in the Chair assured him that he knew nothing about the time-table, and Mr. Ellis Smith then assumed—doubtless rightly—that it was a piece of jiggery-pokery between the two sets of Whips. This, added to the fact that Mr. Jay was the Opposition front-bench speaker, stung Mr. Ellis Smith and twenty of his friends to know the reason why. They kept the House up one night and threatened to keep it up another. They shouted "No, no," when Mr. Jay made some suggestions how business might be expedited, until at last Mr. Gaitskell, followed by a sheepish Junior Whip looking rather like the Walrus following the Carpenter, stumped out of the House in a fury. It is said that there are wigs on the green and fur flying in the corridors. The official explanation is that it was all done to annoy Lord Hinchinbrooke, but it would be hard to find anyone who was less annoyed by it than that genial nobleman, who made his own speech and then very sensibly went away.

A good debate on transport on Thursday with sensible speeches from both front benches, and another pleasant maiden speech to remind us that television's loss is the House's gain—this time from Mr. Johnson Smith. Mr. Russell spoke of a pavement in Great George Street—"not a stone's throw from this House." How I love those phrases! What fun it would be to see somebody throw the stone!

—PERCY SOMERSET

Steak in a Stocking

THERE's every indication that Americans are going to be wishing each other a very meaty Christmas this year. The California Beef Council has come right out and said so.

They are going to change all that. With "Give Steak for Christmas!" as their rallying cry, they are pressing the public to purchase gift meat certificates, or would you say meat gift certificates? At any rate, these are four-colour jobs printed in \$2.50 denominations, redeemable for steaks or roasts in any food store in the country.*

Meat certificates should be fine as gifts for men, since everyone knows that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. But any girl whose fiancé treats her to a "Twelve Days of Christmas" routine in the new meaty manner should have grounds for returning the ring. After all, who wants to warble: "The first day of Christmas my true love sent to me . . .

*One rump roast
Two lamb chops
Three veal cutlets
Four pounds of ground beef
Five frankfurters
Six ham hocks"*

and so on?

What's more likely to happen, now that the meat-for-Christmas vogue is setting in, is that some enterprising packing house will start a Meat-of-the-Month Club. We have Fruit-of-the-Month clubs and Cheese-of-the-Month clubs and Candy-of-the-Month clubs, all getting off to a glamorous start at Christmas. Meat dealers may well be asking themselves why they aren't on this gravy train.

As things look now, this may turn out to be a pretty high-protein Christmas for a lot of people. For my part, I must say that meat does not, as yet, play a major part in my Christmas dreams. This view may change as the day draws closer; it could turn out to be downright embarrassing, when reaching into one's Christmas stocking, to find oneself going through the motions of Brer Wolf in the Uncle Remus story, when he "diggy, diggy, diggy, but no meat dar." — WANDA BURGAN

*Nieman-Marcus, upholding the Texas myth, are offering a whole ox, on the hoof, "Gift-wrapped as best we can."

FOR
WOMEN



In the Pink Party Zone

WITH so much attention centred upon Mr. Marples' pink zone this Christmas, some may be unaware of what is going on in the pink champagne and pink gin zones. It is true that nothing in either of these two zones can equal the social success of being towed away from Mr. Marples'; but there is one way a woman can be sure of attracting attention at all pink parties and that is by doing something about her hair—that is, something beyond and above what is commonly, too commonly, called a "hair-do." Elegant heads are not done, they are dressed.

Yes, for the first time since ladies started going to hair-dressing salons instead of summoning hairdressers to their bedrooms, it can be said that hair is being dressed in the proper sense of the word. With the fall of this year there was a sudden rise of the coiffure. The casual cuts and bouffant sets, whose elusive nonchalance bordered so closely upon negligence, have given place to careful erections of smoothly dressed hair, built up by elaborate expenditure of the hairdressers' art. These edifices require a confident carriage of the head, a heart riding high, and quite considerable courage:

"What's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman
fashion."

The high Roman fashion has many versions, all of them elevating to feminine morale. Of course, pride may have a fall—particularly if it is false pride, whether fabricated in nylon or real hair. Also there are some styles which cannot, even when safely secured, be considered becoming; as, for instance, the piled-up hair which, when the fashionable flower-pot hat is removed, is revealed as an inverted tangle of

pot-bound roots. Again, danger lurks in the beehive style for all but the dazzlingly young. For in this fashion a Victorian look is given by curtaining loops of hair falling heavily over the ears from a centre parting; and it is as well to remember that Victorian ladies were expected to look old at thirty. This was the hair style worn all her life by Jane Welsh Carlyle, whose impact was that of mind and tongue, not beauty; and it was worn by many other middle-class Victorian ladies resistant to the modish impulses of their more fashionable contemporaries.

The coiffure in Paris now, although distinct and upstanding, allows of a certain softness. The hair is swathed horizontally around the head and built up into a chignon on the crown, or in coiled plaits to make a little punnet . . . but there are nearly always escaping tendrils around the forehead. For instance, in Isabelle Lancray's *Coiffure Bombe*, a truant fringe bestows a look of the models of Toulouse-Lautrec. Linterman sweeps the hair around the head, up and up like a splendid spinning top; and at all salons, when the hair is short at the back, it is brushed sideways and upwards with the same movement as the upswathed chignon or, alternatively, provided with a supplementary switch.

In London the hairdressers play equally taking tricks. René likes to cover the ears and to mount a little coronet of hair on the crown; in front, he allows a soft side-swept fringe. Evansky piles up delicious pompadours, and Michael at Simon achieves something tantamount to a busby by layering and terracing up from very short hair at the nape, the whole being smooth and burnished. Vidal Sassoon's "Puffin"

is a puffed flick-up, the hair length required being no more than two inches below the ear; and Xavier's "Ballerina" is another semi-short style which yet assures the elevated look, the hair being cut in graceful steps and dressed with a swirling upward movement.

Naturally such dressed coiffures require, for evening, further dressing-up. Some Paris salons sell little cages of jewelled veiling which help to keep the edifice in place; others pin ornaments at the very back of the chignon, or hang diamonds from it like frozen dew-drops glinting on a December hedge. Now indeed is the time to realize ancient assets. At Sotheby's last week a Victorian tiara mounted with twelve stars was up for sale. The stars could be detached for wearing as brooches or as *tremblants* for the hair, and it was suggested that they were just the thing for the current beehive coiffures.

French of London, at the recent opening of his new salon in Cork Street, predicted a new era in hair-dressing. Twenty-five years ago, when Marcel ruled the waves, Mr. French was a lone revolutionary refusing to Marcel wave; twelve years ago he introduced the casual look, leading to the bouffant styles; and now he is superseding permanent waving by permanent setting. At this salon, an evening hair service operates to dress hair with jewellery and ornaments either from the French boutique or belonging to the client herself; and there is also a service for dressing the hair with fresh flowers. To the unromantic this may seem, like beauty itself, "a doubtful good . . . lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour." But who cares for unromantics? A few falling petals, some drifting pollen, such things lend all the enchantment of the transient.

— ALISON ADBURGHAM

Song

OH, Mrs. Jones's a jewel rare,
She toils with willing zeal
To give our house the kind of floors
Where you might eat a meal.

Above, the shrouding cobweb clings,
The larva spins its thread,
But Mrs. Jones stays on her knees
And never lifts her head.

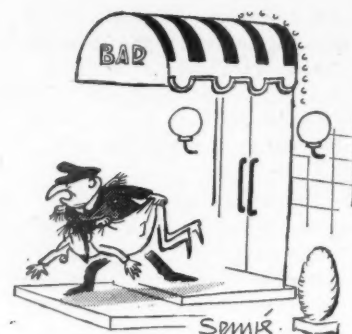
Oh, Mrs. Jones, my jewel, oh,
How clean this house would be
If now and then we could reverse
The laws of gravity.

— T. R. JOHNSON



"We settled for Yorkshire Terriers, and now we find that babies are definitely IN."

CRITICISM



BOOKING OFFICE

... And Fall on Slough

Dickens Incognito, Felix Aylmer. *Hart-Davis*, 12/6

THIS fascinating piece of literary detection needs a little preliminary explanation. In 1934 Thomas Wright startled the world of letters with his claim that Dickens, under the name of Charles Tringham, had shared a house in Peckham in 1867 with a young actress called Ellen Ternan. For this outrage Wright was nearly lynched by horrified Dickensians, but his statement has since been corroborated by Gladys Storey, who published an account given her by Dickens' daughter, Kate Perugini, of her parents' separation, and more recently by Ada Nisbet, who worked on a notebook lost by Dickens in New York in 1867, and broke down a code

which enabled her to read into a cable, sent by Dickens, instructions to Ellen not to join him in America.

There the matter stood, and would still be standing, but for an extraordinary chance. Felix Aylmer, a Dickens scholar and well aware of this controversy, happened to be shown the notebook by a librarian in New York, and was immediately struck, as a Buckinghamshire man, by two recurring entries, "to Sl:" and "At Sl:." Reading "W" as Windsor and "P" as Paddington, these could only refer to Slough. Mr. Aylmer next examined the Slough rate-books and found no trace of Dickens, but a name more illuminating, Charles Tringham. It was without an address, but local clues led him to Elizabeth Cottage.

So far he appears to prove his case beyond doubt. Stage Two in his argument is conjectural, though personally I find it persuasive. It concerns

the child which Kate Perugini reported to have been born of the union, and which she understood had died in infancy. In an entry in the notebook for April 13th, 1867, Mr. Aylmer's sharp eye caught the phrase "at Sl: at 2½ Arrival." Dickens is known to have left a gap of a week in his lecture plans, starting on the 13th, and Mr. Aylmer thinks he got home just in time for the birth. After that this astute detective ran to earth the birth certificate of a Francis Charles Tringham dated May 10th, with false addresses, and to his astonishment found a marriage recorded between the parents whose names appeared on it. In July of the same year Dickens began to add Francis and then Thomas to his pseudonym of Tringham; these were the names of the father on the certificate, with whom Mr. Aylmer believes arrangements were made for the child's adoption before it was born. Everything seems to fit.

He puts his case modestly and well. No defence is needed for the publication of his discoveries; the secret was half out anyway. But for the Canon and Kate Perugini the liaison might never have come to light, for Dickens covered his tracks with extreme care. At that period of starch and humbug he had much to lose, not only his reputation but probably his livelihood as well. If he and Ellen had lived to-day they would almost certainly have been happily married. It is poignant indeed to read between the lines of the hole-and-corner miseries that in the end presumably drove them apart, for Dickens left her, three years later, only £1,000.

In the meantime, however, she made a difference to his stability and contentment that can be measured by comparing the buoyant mood of *Great Expectations* with the austerity of *Hard Times*. In her photograph she looks charming. That she was no light woman is shown by her seven-year resistance to Dickens after his separation from his wife. She was twenty-seven when she surrendered,

THESE LOOKS SPEAK VOLUMES

A Panorama of Publishers



13. SIR GEOFFREY FABER

A YOUNG seventy. Has probably published more modern poets than any other man during the last half of his life. Began with Eliot, who still tops the bill, and went on with Auden, Spender, MacNeice, de la Mare. Two of them became members of the Order of Merit. The list widened to include a host of younger men, some more successful than others, but not one a flop. To be a Faber poet is a sought-after thing, almost like being a Fellow of All Souls, Sir Geoffrey's own College.

to his fifty-four. Her son, if he was that, died at thirty-one, a house-painter, like his adoptive father. — ERIC KEOWN

NEW FICTION

Poor No More. Robert Ruark. *Hamish Hamilton*, 25/-
Fool's Paradise. Bertrand Poirot-Delpech (trans. Cornelia Schaeffer). *Secker and Warburg*, 12/6
Pick of To-day's Short Stories, 10. Edited by John Pudney. *Putnam*, 15/-
Add a Dash of Pity. Peter Ustinov. *Heinemann*, 15/-

IF you are entertained by sagas of rags-to-riches success and the unsatisfactoriness of it all, running to 818 pages, there is the new Robert Ruark. People who go to the library for a thick book can do no better; it is the Subtopia of novel-building, all ribbon-development and urban sprawl. But Mr. Ruark is a master at the game. He knows his social scenes backwards—the brush and jungles of Carolina and Africa, New York and Washington, Capri and Tossa and Rome. A hairy-chested social climber with a lyrical fondness for the lost past and the lost first love destroys himself and almost everyone he knows in becoming a top industrialist; it is the old American success-myth (the sociologists say it no longer quite fits the case) with the usual moral. A professional mixture of Frank Yerby and John P. Marquand, with the right ingredients of sex, titillation and the glamour of high living, it is skilfully angled at the middlebrow audience. But I have to grant that Mr. Ruark has a real gift for social documentation.

The man who seeks to marry riches but regrets the lost fruits of first love comes up again in *Fool's Paradise*. It seems to be satirized; but is it? The difficulty with the book is that one can't be sure that the hero isn't romanticizing its hero's fond and foolish past at the same time that he mocks it. First love is eating cherries in bed with one's mistress and having one's mother find the stones, later, in one's pants. The moral thought on which the book ends is "Our cherry days will never come back"—the same fatalist comment that Mr. Ruark makes. But even while M. Poirot-Delpech makes fun of the hedonistic teenagers who drive down to the Riviera in sports cars to lie on the beach—and one another—he can't help casting a romantic glow over the bittersweet past of his hero. The cherry days might not come back—but it's nice to have had them. The hero ends up neither with the glamorous but stupid mistress nor the wealthy fiancée, but with the girl next door patiently awaiting his release from prison. So you can have your cake and eat it. An amusing *pastiche* with some very nice scenes.

In America the short story is a major, and a developing art-form; alas, the same can't be said in England, where there are virtually no major practitioners

of the genre. One reason is that there is almost no place in which to publish serious short stories. I can't help finding it a pity that Mr. Pudney doesn't have larger aims for his *Pick* collections than stories of "instant and lucid characterization." Most of the stories are competent but very, very flat. It's only when you come upon the odd story that shows a real wit and a real eye for the feel of life—like the stories of Penelope Mortimer and Mordecai Richler in the latest *Pick*—that you're reminded that there's more to a short story than a beginning, a middle and an end. Peter Ustinov's stories, in *Add a Dash of Pity*, show on the other hand that a sense of form is *something*. There are some delightful set-pieces here and there, but the weak construction and the rather obvious targets—the Russian writer whose line changes with the Party's, the man who plays a rabbit in a children's radio programme and doesn't realize that a fellow-tenant is a whore—are disappointing for so witty a comedian.

— MALCOLM BRADBURY

OTHER NEW BOOKS

The Most of S. J. Perelman. *Heinemann*, 25/-

A "definitive" omnibus of his choice: nearly 100 pieces, grouped 1930-44, 1944-50, 1950-58, and including two of the books complete (*Westward Ho!* and *Acres and Pains*). Dorothy Parker's introduction speaks sadly of other humorists who "find a little formula and milk it," without mentioning that Perelman has a formula too. Take something, meant seriously, that seems ridiculous already, and subject it to a skilled process of screaming exaggeration, using with no explanation the least expected words and references and encrusting the whole with intricately outrageous puns. That's his formula. Just try to produce something as funny as he does with it.

— R. M.

In Search of Swift. Denis Johnston. *Hodges Figgis* (dist. by *Macmillan*), 36/-

Like so many before him Mr. Johnston sets out to elucidate the many twisted mysteries that surround Swift's parentage, birth, relations with Stella, death, death mask and burial place. But unlike most of his predecessors he has made a most enjoyable (and very handsomely got up) book. He keeps his conclusions to the end, as a good detective writer should, and it would be a shame to disclose them; but all are interesting despite the varying tensile strength of the evidence which supports them. Mr. Johnston's most original contribution is to rely mainly on contemporary documents, to question the source of every piece of tittle-tattle (Sheridan's unreliable grandfather was responsible for a lot of it) and to make out a very fair case that Swift himself had a good reason for lying about his origins. The tone is enjoyably crochety.

— P. D.



"Anyway, we can sure as hell put Ike in orbit."

AT THE PLAY

The Amorous Prawn (SAVILLE)
The Demon Barber
 (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)

FARCICAL comedies fall into two main categories, the ones that start with a tremendous display of fireworks that by the third act has declined into the fizzling of a few damp squibs, and the much rarer ones that build themselves up gradually, getting better all the time and reserving their finest pyrotechnical flourishes for the last act. Of this sort is Anthony Kimmins's *The Amorous Prawn*, that arrives in good time to brighten the Christmas holidays, and is likely to be brightening the summer ones as well.

Admittedly, the first act is slow; Captain Kimmins explains his situation at a length that almost saps our confidence. But by the middle of the second act we have forgiven him, and by the end of the third, with its triumphant series of comic surprises, all that is forgotten in the happy glow of laughter. The idea is neat. A G.O.C.'s wife, facing penurious retirement, takes advantage of her husband's absence to turn his H.Q. in a Highland mansion into a fishing guest-house for fleecing Americans; she forms a syndicate with her Army servants, which they enter with avidity on a share-out basis. Things are going very prosperously when the General returns unexpectedly; but he, martinet though he is, has just caught out the War Office in such an appalling piece of meanness that his loyalties are shattered and he plays ball eagerly with the rest of the team. Enter the Prawn,

an old friend of the American guests, a confident type who, having been roundly insulted by the General, turns out to be—but never mind. Enough to say that the General's career seems in

REP SELECTION

Theatre Royal, Lincoln, *Two for the Seesaw*, until December 19th.
Theatre Royal, York, *A Christmas Carol*, until December 19th.
Guildford Rep, *The Bride and the Bachelor*, until December 19th.
Leatherhead Theatre, *The Tunnel of Love*, until December 19th.

very small pieces; but his author has stuffed a massive bit of blackmail up his sleeve, and all is well.

Nearly everyone in the cast gets a good slice of comedy, and the response is admirable. Evelyn Laye is a charming hostess, and Walter Fitzgerald delightfully resourceful as the General (his commentary on a cable successfully handled on its way around the world by all sorts of people who don't speak English, only to be lost in its last three hundred yards from the Signals Office, is a memorable tirade); the dual personality of the Prawn is safe with Ernest Clark, while Hugh McDermott is good as a nice, simple-minded American; and Stanley Baxter, Derek Nimmo and Harry Landis are all very funny as the servants. Mr. Baxter is a most useful recruit from Scottish music-hall.

It seemed a good plan to make a musical out of Sweeney Todd. Plenty of action, love interest, the picturesque trappings of early Victorian melodrama and for full measure the chilling background of a barber's customers being turned into a popular brand of meat pies—nothing appeared to be missing. I am sorry to report that this mixture, exciting as it may sound, has failed to set. In one respect only is *The Demon Barber* a complete success, and that is Disley Jones' enchantingly clever décor based on the penny plain, tuppence coloured sheets of the Victorian toy theatre. He has obviously gone to enormous trouble, and no scrap of it is wasted. But it is the only part of the evening that doesn't fall into self-consciousness.

The script is full of anachronistic jokes and the acting is dangerously near burlesque. As Sweeney Todd, Roy Godfrey whips himself into villainy from time to time, but more often he suggests a knowing but harmless manservant. And as his pie-making partner Barbara Howitt is in some difficulty pretending she isn't just a jolly matron who lives next door. Although the ghouliness is laid on thickly, its effect dwindles, and I found embarrassing the three madmen who are rather dragged into the story. The most successful members of a hard-working cast are James Maxwell, who makes an amusing character of the gallant colonel, and Julian Moyle as his naval friend who so inexplicably survives Todd's ministrations. Brian Burke's score provides several rousing songs

which are sung with ardour, but I think what one finally felt about the whole thing was that it tried much too hard to be funny, and that seldom works.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Rosmersholm (Royal Court—25/11/59), Peggy Ashcroft superb. *King Richard II* (Old Vic—25/11/59), John Justin shines in good production. *Rollo* (Strand—14/10/59), neat comedy from Paris.

—ERIC KEOWN

AT THE OPERA

Tannhäuser (SADLER'S WELLS)

EVERY time Tannhäuser speaks of his sojourn in the pagan stews of Venusberg, a worm begins to wriggle and gnaw in the music. The true stink of hell is there. One thinks of Milton and Dante. This remorse factor, coupled with the redemptive flowering of the Pope's staff at the end, puts *Tannhäuser*, for all that it is early Wagner, far ahead of *Parsifal* as a Christian affirmation.

Like the revival at the Royal Opera four years ago, the present one (conductor, Colin Davis; producer, Anthony Besch; designers, Morley) falls miserably short of the work's inner reality. The clean, nifty costumes, a Wartburg Valley that looks like a Regent Street décor for autumn modes, a nicely scrubbed Hall of Song that would do nicely for B.M.A. senate meetings, and a cast who mostly sing over-loudly and over-brightly: these things leave me with a suspicion that the Sadler's Wells chiefs have put on *Tannhäuser* as a duty rather than out of burning zeal. The last great productions of this work in English were those in which Frank Mullings sang with sculptured syllables and utter belief in every quaver, thought and move. It is a mistake to go to the opera with memories.

—CHARLES REID

AT THE PICTURES

Vicious Circle
But Not for Me
The Horse Soldiers

SO often do I object when a film is staged that it may seem inconsistent to approve of *Huis Clos*, or *Vicious Circle* (Director: Jacqueline Audry). In fact I suppose my reasons for approving of this would all have applied to Jean-Paul Sartre's original play, which I never

EXHIBITIONS

"*Punch in the Theatre*," Theatre Royal, Lincoln.
"Punch in the Cinema," Gaumont Cinema, Birmingham.
"Punch with Wings," Exhibition Hall, Queens Buildings, London, London Airport Central.



Col. Jack Jeffery—JAMES MAXWELL

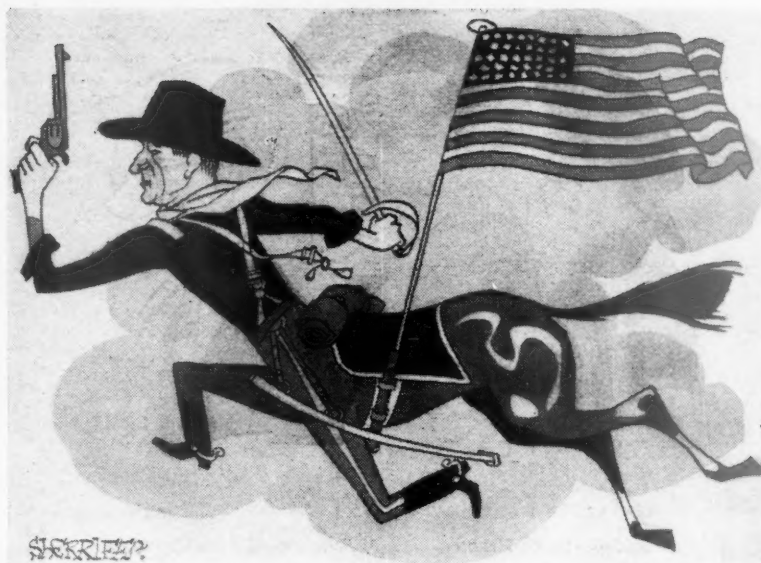
Sweeney Todd—ROY GODFREY

(The Demon Barber)

saw. Its strength comes partly from the writing of the dialogue as it reveals the characters, partly from the playing of those characters and the direction of that playing. The enclosed, claustrophobic feeling which is basically important gives very little opportunity for real cinematic interest, even though some of the scenes get an added power from what in effect are film episodes shown to the characters and their comments on them.

The point of the piece is that hell, popularly assumed to be a place of physical suffering, may be quite hellish enough as a place of mental suffering: "hell is other people"—who merely get more or less intentionally on each other's nerves. Literally, the scene is a big hotel, and certain comparatively comic effects are made with the circumstantial detail as the new batch of apprehensive sufferers arrives, each convinced that there must be some mistake; but the main action passes in a single room, where two women and one man are doomed for all eternity to exacerbate each other. One of the women (Arletty) is a lesbian, the other (Gaby Sylvia) is a shallow, flighty unfaithful wife who has killed her illegitimate child, and the man (Frank Villard) is a coward who has betrayed his friends. In turn (so long as they are still remembered on earth) they are able to see on a sort of cinema screen what those who knew them are doing and hear what they are saying, and it is this that gives each the knowledge to taunt and mentally torture the others. The interaction of the three personalities is fascinating, and most skilfully contrived for dramatic effect; odd and warped as they are, these human beings react credibly in the circumstances, and it is absorbing to watch their reactions. I would suggest that the only people who might be upset by the film are those who genuinely believe in Hell.

But Not for Me (Director: Walter Lang) I must admit is one kind of trivial "merely entertaining" work that I enjoy. It is from a play by Samson Raphaelson, but here the script (John Michael Hayes) takes some trouble to divert attention from the fact of a stage origin, and makes genuinely, inventively comic effects of its own—from the first moment, when Clark Gable as a Broadway producer is shown telephoning from his moving car and hangs up briskly because his other car telephone is ringing. The basic situation is the one that for some years, as I've noted before, has been getting more and more popular—the love between the middle-aged man and the young girl; but (it had to come) this time the situation is kidded, ridiculed. The producer's secretary (Carroll Baker) bursts out with a passionate declaration of love for him, and once his natural professional reaction is over ("What's that from?") he sees the value of her dialogue, for it so happens—it so happens!—that the play he is producing



[The Horse Soldiers]

Colonel Marlowe—JOHN WAYNE

is based on just such a predicament. Well, the outcome is foreseeable, since he has a charming ex-wife (Lilli Palmer) and . . . oh, there's no point in detailing the plot. The important things are the amusing dialogue and the smooth direction of clever comedy playing. Empty, but enjoyable.

The Horse Soldiers (Director: John Ford) are of course the U.S. Cavalry, and it is pleasant to welcome Mr. Ford and John Wayne back with them, nearly ten years after *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*. Ten years after, but in another sense twenty years before; for that was about the eighteen-seventies, and this is a fine spectacular story of the Civil War, with Mr. Wayne as the Colonel commanding a Union brigade sent hundreds of miles across Confederate territory for . . . Well, how many moviegoers care, or will grasp, exactly what for? They are content with the bursts of violent action and the magnificent visual effects (De Luxe colour photography: William Clothier), with just enough simple characterization—the Colonel, "Old Ironhead," hates doctors, and there is constant antagonism between him and his Surgeon Major (William Holden)—to give them some emotional interest in the riding and shooting.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Strangers of Bombay is a simple, competently-made thriller about thuggee in early 19th-century India and how it was conquered by a heroic army officer (Guy Rolfe); not notably horrific, but

rather more so than its "A" certificate would suggest. Pleasing two-comedy programme at the Academy, *Charmants Garçons* and *Persons Unknown* (both 2/12/59). *Expresso Bongo* (9/12/59) is enjoyable and funny. Also in London: *Anatomy of a Murder* (14/10/59), *Les Amants* (11/11/59), *The Savage Eye* (25/11/59), *Babette Goes to War* (25/11/59) and—for another day or so—*I'm All Right, Jack* (26/8/59).

None of the releases was noticed here. *1001 Arabian Nights* is a feature-length cartoon with "Mr. Magoo."

— RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Crime, Blues and Atoms

"PROBATION OFFICER" (ATV) falls in the semi-documentary category, and as such it must suffer comparison with the best that television has to offer in that line—namely, the work of Colin Morris and Gilchrist Calder. It does not stand the comparison well—but then, Colin Morris scripts are few and far between, and they are usually filmed, after a good deal of careful preparation. "Probation Officer" has the disadvantage of being a weekly offering, sent out live. On the whole I applaud the series—if only because it may remind punch-drunk TV addicts that there are other crimes besides gang murders, and other ways of dealing with them than by shooting the culprits dead after a free-for-all in some sinister warehouse. The work of the probation officer offers a fascinating field for study. I don't know whether this programme



Isobel Fry—JOYCE HERON

Peter Fry—DAVID MARKHAM

(Philip Main—JOHN PAUL)

[Probation Officer

always truly reflects the way in which such work is really carried out, but so far I have seen no reason to doubt it. Last week's item, about a man who caused an injury to a mounted policeman outside 10 Downing Street (not the easiest of incidents to capture in a studio, and rather clumsily done) showed the probation officer tackling a pretty tough nut: for the man in question refused to accept a conditional discharge because he could not undertake to keep away from "Ban the Bomb" demonstrations for a year. The officer's attempts to break down the barrier of the prisoner's principles quickly failed, because his admiration for them inevitably grew at every interview. There was a performance tinged with theatricality by Joyce Heron as the wife (this is the kind of danger Gilchrist Calder always firmly checks), and John Paul and David Markham turned in believable studies as probation officer and prisoner respectively. Julian Bond's script was lively enough, and the direction by Christopher Morahan, after an unconvincing outdoor scene and the interpolation of a length of news film which didn't come off, settled down in a workmanlike fashion, with good use of close-ups and a natural way with dialogue.

Some critics have poked fun at "The Nature Of Things" (BBC), a series of lectures delivered by Sir Lawrence Bragg, F.R.S., at the Royal Institution and illustrated by practical demonstrations. I cannot see that the programme deserves mockery—and certainly not on the score of being too elementary: for surely its simplicity is its particular triumph. To take a single example, Sir Lawrence's effortless demonstration of the behaviour of metals under changes of temperature

or stress seemed to me a perfect piece of popular lecturing. Would we not have sat in dumb bafflement if he had brought to bear the full weight of his scientific knowledge, uncoated with sugar? I believe so.

Jazz gets an extraordinarily poor showing on the little screen, considering that we are in the midst of a revival of this form of popular music. The powers-that-be may feel that jazz fans are mostly solemn, introvert types who prefer the more intimate sound radio treatment. Television took the juvenile banalities of rock 'n' roll to its heart from the very beginning, and has concentrated on it with a hypnotized insistence, treating real jazz as a kind of senile elder brother who is only allowed out of the attic on special occasions. I am therefore glad to see that "Bandstand" (A-R), a weekly half-hour session, is introducing a good many of the big names in British jazz—Tony Crombie, Tony Kinsey, Humphrey Lyttelton, Eddie Thompson, Denis Wilson, and so on—and photographing them at work excitingly, without hysteria.

The stories in "Private Investigator" (BBC) are getting altogether too blood-and-thunderish. There was originally an authentic ring to this series about a common-or-garden English private eye, and Campbell Singer looked the part well enough. But we are now coming perilously close to the dream world of the shilling shocker. Men with guns tend to appear, and it is well known that men with guns have no part in the lives of common-or-garden private eyes. A great opportunity will be missed if the series deteriorates into a routinized shambles of fisticuffs, gangsters' mo'ls and car chases. Moreover, Arthur Swinson's

dialogue occasionally shows signs of fatigue. In the last episode I watched there occurred the following passage:

"It's a funny business, isn't it?"

"What?"

"Life."

I may be wrong, but I don't think this time-worn excursion into the region of dialectical metaphysics ever really helped any play.

— HENRY TURTON

AT THE GALLERY

Persian Miniatures (BRITISH MUSEUM)

THIS Exhibition, which will last into February, should prove a welcome antidote to the sombre winter days which are now upon us. The workmanship in the miniatures is exquisite, and the draughtsmanship fine, if not robust; it is concentrated more on outline than on foreshortening. Indeed, until the 19th century, when Western influence had a nefarious effect, there was no attempt at solidity, linear perspective, or light and shade. Everything depended (and mostly succeeded gloriously) on pattern and colour. In addition the human, illustrative element worked quite well, rather as it does in illuminated manuscripts and Italian primitives.

The predominant tints employed were often pale mauve, tomato, and a rather strong blue, used in various shapes and proportions against more neutral shades such as olive green, charcoal or stone. Miraculously fine hieroglyphics (surely the work of fairies) enhanced the decorative effect. The whole result is one of Lilliputian loveliness. In the early part of this century Persian art had in this country its interpreters (or rather misinterpreters) who, whatever their intentions, only achieved a finicky and laboured effect. Not so the late Henri Matisse in France. He read aright the lesson of the elimination of shadow and of linear perspective to develop from it his own rich and gay silhouettes of colour (on a much larger scale than the Persians; he never attempted minute work). He even knowingly used one of the same devices as the Persians had used from lack of knowledge: the repetition of a floor pattern as seen in plan rather than perspective, thus banishing the illusion of reality, and gaining in decorative appeal. He owed much of his development to Persian art, and in return he brought to many a more vivid comprehension of that art than they had had before.

Note

Foyle's Art Gallery. A Century of Postcards and their Background (1840-1940), arranged by Richard Carline.

A pretty, amusing show, covering a huge field, Dreyfus, Henry Irving, Zeppelins, and Louis Wain, to take a few examples only.

Closes December 24.

— ADRIAN DAINTRY

As They Might Have Been

V RICHARD DIMBLEBY

*DIMBLEBY'S voice goes hushed and oh, so loyal
At the mere thought of anybody royal.
Should not the Court, to honour his old age,
Make him a Herald (or at least a Page)?*



The Long-Haired War

By J. E. HINDER

Wrinkled Care: Some hitherto unpublished extracts from the second volume of the Memoirs of Lord Punter, First Minister for Sport and Culture 1962—1987.

WHEN I entered the P.M.'s room he had already digested the reports from our man at the Bolshoi. "It's worse than I expected, Punter," he said quietly. "*Le Lac des Cygnes*?" I queried. "And *Coppélia*," he replied. "The language used by *Pravda* about the *pas de deux* is, to speak frankly, quite obscene, not to mention the criticism of Dame Marge and the organized demonstrations. The country won't stand for it, Punter."

"I fully realize that, P.M.," I said. He rose and looked out across the river. It was a moment before he spoke. "Punter, old friend," he said at last, "D'you remember when they burned Benjamin Britten in effigy outside La Fenice after the *matinée* of *Billy Budd*?" "I do indeed," I replied. "Remember how we acted then?" he went on.

How could I forget? The grey landing-craft alongside the South Bank with the long lines of artistes filing calmly on board; 4 a.m. and the Festival Hall a blaze of light. Then, days later, the news trickling in from Italy, news of our triumphant progress through the country with *Peter Grimes* and the dear old *Rape of Lucretia*!

"Yes, I remember, P.M.," I said.

He looked at me. "Order the Number Two Company of the Festival Ballet to stand by for orders to embark," he said grimly. "Arctic kit—it's well below zero . . . out there!" There was a long silence.

I was taking a few days off at Frinton when the news reached me of our six-nil defeat in the Foro Mussolini. For a few seconds I stared blankly into space, my mind going back over the last few weeks: the debacle at Forrest Hills, the inglorious defeat of our cricket girls

at the hands of the Welsh in Swansea—and now this!

When I reached London I went straight to the War Office. Wilfred Fame-Spurr was pretending to read *The Times*. "Bad show," he muttered, trying to avoid my eyes. "Wilfred," I said, "you know full well why we lost, don't you?" "I suppose so," he replied gloomily. "Yes," I said, "because Sid Pobble is out there in the Middle East fighting a damn second-rate war, together with all our best reserves and the nucleus of the Under Twenty-Threes. One hundred thousand pounds of transfer-fees out among the flies and cactus while our gallant lads are going down six-nil to the Italians!"

"What can I do?" he said. "Frankly, O.P., what *can* I do?" I looked him straight in the eyes. "Get in touch with the U.A.R.," I replied evenly, "and appeal to them, in the name of Football, to end hostilities!" "But will it do any good?" he groaned. "Abdel Sakkim's a Rugger man."

"F.S.," I said, "I have never in all my experience known an appeal couched in the terms I have stated, I have never known such an appeal go unanswered—save by a fiend in human shape!" "I'll see the P.M.," he said.



Forty-eight hours later I met a large group of sun-bronzed young athletes at London Airport. "Your kit's over there, by Flight Eighty-Seven, gentlemen," I said. "A 'plane leaves for Rome in twenty minutes. Good luck!"

* * *

The Matisse crisis came like a bolt from the blue while Parliament was in recess. We at the Ministry had supposed that Lord Bournemouth would naturally accept our offer of £250,000 for his "*Femme assise sur un jongleur*." When we heard that the American offer of £400,000 had been provisionally accepted we were thunderstruck.

I saw the P.M. that evening at Chequers and he told me the bad news immediately. "Birdsong won't hear of offering Bournemouth anything like £400,000," he said. "Threatens to resign." I knew that Birdsong, who had been at the Exchequer for the past twelve months, would take this line and I was prepared for it. "I cannot let that picture leave the country, sir," I said quietly. "It's the little people I'm thinking of, out there in the offices and factories. I can't go down to my constituency and face them, knowing I've let them down. If Birdsong is adamant we'll launch a Public Appeal." Mr. McMoke looked at me quizzically. "You won't get £50,000," he said, "but—Good luck!" "Thank you, P.M.," I said.

Two weeks later I stood in Trafalgar Square by the side of one of our twenty thousand voluntary collectors. The Fund stood at £399,999. V-Day was approaching. A little old woman came shyly up to us, fumbling in her large handbag. Into the box she dropped a note. "It was for the last instalment on the telly," she said apologetically, "but me and my old man couldn't let 'em say England don't care for Art!"

I must confess that it was not only my catarrh that made me blow my nose violently when I heard these words.

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"Good night Vicar ^{see} you next week."

A Turn at the Wheel

By MALCOLM BRADBURY

NOTTINGHAM police are faced to-day with a new crisis. Word has gone round Constabulary Headquarters, in the city's famed Shakespeare Street, that a well-known intellectual vagabond, newly drummed out of America for incompetence with machinery, has reappeared in the city's purlieus, with the avowed intention of taking driving lessons.

I think I can say (intellectual vagabond! it was *me* all the time)—I think I can say that I feel about my driving much as I feel about *Finnegans Wake*; it exists, but people aren't ready for it yet. Actually though, I feel a lot better about the driving test after reading an interesting item in the newspapers recently about a man who was arrested after taking his driving test because he drove too well. (At least my examiner won't have that worry.)

It seems that in a moment of filial

piety a son had substituted for his father at the test, and the examiner, who was incidentally a woman, suspicious because the stripling was an experienced driver, had invited the police to investigate the incident, with the inevitable peripety.

But how does one drive too well? My own impression up to now has been that, short of getting out of the car and walking a hundred yards up every side street to check that nothing is coming, nothing is too good for the driving examiners; and most is not good enough. In short the incident has all the trappings of a tasty little drama, perhaps something on these lines:

(The scene is a city street at the kerbside of which Miss Maud Wilkinsop, driving examiner, stands, clipboard at the ready. In spite of her thick-rimmed glasses and severe, indeed critical, expression, it is apparent that Miss Wilkinsop

is, in fact, as nice a bit of crackling as ever did an emergency stop. She is accosted by a youth in a well-draped jacket reaching well down below the kneejoint and trousers so tight at the bottom that they stop the circulation. He is Charlie Bread, candidate for a driver's licence.)

BREAD: Hi there, toots. Ready to go?

MAUD: You'll be Mr. Bread?

BREAD: That's right, kiddo.

MAUD: Where's your vehicle, Mr. Bread?

BREAD: Do but chance to let your eye light over here, ma'am. There. Take a look at that.

MAUD: Remarkable indeed, Mr. Bread. Is it roadworthy?

BREAD: Roadworthy? This little job wouldn't turn over if you hit a police car with it, as I know from personal experience. That's how roadworthy she is.

MAUD: I see.

BREAD: Here, pull up an orange box and sit down. I'm working on a nice little deal just now and I need all the money I can lay my hands on. Fella gave me ten bob for the seats. Life's not a bowl of cherries, you know, if you'll pardon my philosophizing.

MAUD (*warmly*): You can say that again. (*He does.*) Shall we start?

BREAD: Good question. (*He gets out and fiddles under the bonnet.*) Pass me a spanner. There we go.

MAUD: Get back in the car, Mr. Bread. We're moving.

BREAD: Take a grip on yourself, ma'am. Better still, let me do it.

MAUD: Put your hands back on the wheel, Mr. Bread. Four forward gears?

BREAD: Five actually, old dear. Need something extra when you get up past 120. It may not look it, but this little job has a souped-up engine. For a fast getaway. There's more to this car than meets the eye.

MAUD: And more to you too, I'll be bound, Mr. Bread.

BREAD: I can see you're a perspicacious woman, if ever there was one, ma'am. Let's just say I've lived a little. Open that glove compartment there; that's it; see the bottle? Join me in a snort?

MAUD: No, thank you, Mr. Bread.

BREAD: Only being sociable. I hate to drink alone. I will though. (*He swigs liberally from the bottle.*) Now watch me. There, I bet you thought I'd taken off his bumper. That's what I call driving.

MAUD: It's not what I call driving.

BREAD: Oh, come on, unbend a little. Take your shoes off. It's spring, you know. Would you like the television on?

MAUD: This is a one-way street, Mr. Bread.

BREAD: Well, I'm only going one way, ain't I?

MAUD: Mr. Bread, it is not legal to reverse down one-way streets.

BREAD: Well, they won't let you go down forwards, will they?

MAUD: Ah, you have some rudiments of the law, I see, Mr. Bread.

BREAD: Rudiments? I'll say. You learn a thing or two when you've been inside as often . . . but more of that anon. Let's talk about you. Let me say in all honesty; rarely have I seen a more delectable—

MAUD: Please keep your eyes on the road, Mr. Bread.

BREAD: With thou beside me . . . ? You know the immortal Omar, I trust, ma'am?

MAUD: *The Iliad, The Odyssey* . . . believe me, Mr. Bread, even a humble driving examiner can be, in her unschooled way, cultured.

BREAD (*warmly*): I've always said so.

MAUD: You seem not to give any hand signals, Mr. Bread.

BREAD: What, and get me arm rained on? Still, you know the old saying.

MAUD: Many come readily to mind.

BREAD: Mischief finds work for idle hands to do. (*Mischief does.*)

MAUD: Ouch, Mr. Bread.

BREAD: Well, *vive le sport*, I always say, ma'am.

MAUD: *Vive it indeed*, Mr. Bread. I want you to do an emergency stop now.

BREAD: What, and you get out and run away? Emergency shmergency.

MAUD: I insist with the full weight of my authority, Mr. Bread.

BREAD: Very well, if you say so. (*He stops. Maud looking around, observes*

that they are somewhere in the heart of the country.)

MAUD: We appear to have diverged from the test route.

BREAD: Well, it was a nice day, and a beautiful woman like your good self alongside, if I may say so without fear or favour . . . I thought we might as well have a little jaunt, combine business with pleasure. Have you visited the New Forest before? Many yearn for foreign climes, far-distant places, pagodas, temples, but my soul always brings me winging back to the New Forest.

MAUD: We must get back at once.

BREAD: That's funny, she won't start. Out of petrol, I'll be bound.

MAUD (*desperately*): Mr. Bread, what do you do when you see a halt sign?

BREAD: Lean over here, honey, and I'll show you . . .

THE CURTAIN, MERCIFULLY, FALLS.

☆

"Rollo and Otto Brothers, and both equally (let me call them) kings of one and the same kingdom, cannot agree about the matter. Rollo (by means of his favourite *Latorch*) attempts to poison his Brother; which failing, he kills *Otto* in the arms of their Mother *Sophia*, with sword drawn offers to kill his Mother and Sister *Mat*, but is disarm'd by *Aubrey*, yet sends out Lord Chancellor *Gisbert* to be chopt in two, and thrown to the dogs; and his Tutor *Baldwin* also to be beheaded. *Hamond*, Captain of the Guards, saw all this executed. *Allan*, the Captain's Brother gives (his *quondam*-Master) the Chancellor, *Christian Bufal*; for which, he is sent to pot. *Edith*, *Baldwin's* Daughter, beseeches the King to spare her Father; prevails but too late. *Rollo* is in love with her; she resolves his death. *Hamond*, in revenge of his Brother *Allan*, stabs and is stab'd by *Rollo*, whose sister *Matilda*, *Aubrey* takes to Wife, and Reigns in his stead."—Summary of "*The Tragedy of Rollo, Duke of Normandy*" in *Thomas Rymer's "The Tragedies of the last Age"* (1678).

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